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THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD

An Indian Song-garland

THE POEMS BY

SAROJINI NAIDU

THE MUSIC BY

LIZA LEHMANN.

BOOSEY & Co LONDON & NEW YORK.

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THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD,

AN INDIAN SONG-GARLAND

FOR FOUR SOLO VOICES:

(SOPRANO, CONTRALTO, TENOR AND BARITONE),

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

When no Chorus is available, the Work can be performed as a Song-Cycle by the Four Solo Voices, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

THE POEMS BY

SAROJINI NAIDU.*

(By kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann, Publisher of the Volume of Verse entitled "The Golden Threshold.")

THE MUSIC BY

LIZA LEHMANN.

PRICE 3/6 NET.

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*In printing these words in Concert Programmes, "*From 'The Golden Threshold,' by Sarojini Naidu, published by William Heinemann,*" must be added.

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THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD

SONGS OF THE LOVER AND OF THE BELOVED.

Love Song, "You flaunt your Beauty in the Rose" (*Tenor*) 49
"Alabaster" (*Contralto*) 88
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THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD.*

I.—HARVEST HYMN.

(Men's Voices).

LORD of the lotus, lord of the harvest,
  Bright and munificent lord of the morn!
Thine is the bounty that prospered our sowing,
  Thine is the bounty that nurtured our corn.
We bring thee our songs and our garlands for tribute,
  The gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit;
O giver of mellowing radiance, we hail thee,
  We praise thee, O Surya, with cymbal and flute.

* * * * * *

(Women's Voices).

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the harvest,
  Sweet and omnipotent mother, O Earth!
Thine is the plentiful bosom that feeds us,
  Thine is the womb where our riches have birth.
We bring thee our love and our garlands for tribute,
  With gifts of thy opulent giving we come;
O source of our manifold gladness, we hail thee,
  We praise thee, O Prithvi, with cymbal and drum.

(All Voices.)

Lord of the Universe, lord of our being,
  Father eternal, ineffable Om!
Thou art the seed and the scythe of our harvests,
  Thou art our hands, and our heart and our home.
We bring thee our lives and our labours for tribute,
  Grant us thy succour, thy counsel, thy care;
O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee,
  We praise thee, O Bramha, with cymbal and prayer.

* In printing these words in Concert Programmes, "*From 'The Golden Threshold,' by Sarojini Naidu, published by William Heinemann,*" must be added.

II.—Song of a Dream

Once in a dream of a night I stood
Lone in the light of a magical wood,
Soul-deep in visions that poppy-like sprang;
And spirits of Truth were the birds that sang,
And spirits of Love were the stars that glowed,
And spirits of Peace were the streams that flowed
  In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

Lone in the light of that magical grove,
I felt the stars of the spirits of Love
Gather and gleam round my delicate youth,
And I heard the song of the spirits of Truth;
To quench my longing I bent me low
By the streams of the spirits of Peace that flow
  In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

III.—Henna.

A kokila called from a henna-spray:
  Lira! liree! lira! liree!
Hasten, maidens, hasten away
  To gather the leaves of the henna-tree.
    Send your pitchers afloat on the tide,
Gather the leaves ere the dawn be old,
Grind them in mortars of amber and gold,
  The fresh green leaves of the henna-tree.

A kokila called from a henna-spray:
  Lira! liree! lira! liree!
Hasten, maidens, hasten away
  To gather the leaves of the henna-tree.
    The *tilka's* red for the brow of a bride,
And betel-nut's red for lips that are sweet:
But, for lily-like fingers and feet,
  The red, the red of the henna-tree.

IV.—Palanquin-Bearers

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

V.—The Serpents are asleep

The serpents are asleep among the poppies,
  The fire-flies light the soundless panther's way
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,
  And parrot plumes outshine the dying day.
O soft! the lotus-buds upon the stream
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

VI.—The Snake Charmer

Whither dost thou hide from the magic of my flute-call?
  In what moonlight-tangled meshes of perfume,
Where the clustering *keovas* guard the squirrel's slumber,
  Where the deep woods glimmer with the jasmine's bloom?

I'll feed thee, O beloved, on milk and wild red honey,
  I'll bear thee in a basket of rushes, green and white,
To a palace-bower where golden-vested maidens
  Thread with mellow laughter the petals of delight.

Whither dost thou loiter, by what murmuring hollows,
  Where oleanders scatter their ambrosial fire?
Come, thou subtle bride of my mellifluous wooing,
  Come, thou silver-breasted moonbeam of desire!

VII.—The Royal Tombs of Golconda

I muse among these silent fanes
  Whose spacious darkness guards your dust;
Around me sleep the hoary plains
  That hold your ancient wars in trust.
I pause,—my dreaming spirit hears,
  Across the wind's unquiet tides,
The glimmering music of your spears
  The laughter of your royal brides.

In vain, O Kings, doth time aspire
  To make your name oblivion's sport,
While yonder hill wears like a tiar
  The ruined grandeur of your fort.
Though centuries falter and decline,
  Your proven strongholds shall remain
Embodied memories of your line,
  Incarnate legends of your reign.

O Queens, in vain old Fate decreed
  Your flower-like bodies to the tomb;
Death is in truth the vital seed
  Of your imperishable bloom.
Each new-born year the bulbuls sing
  Their songs of your renascent loves;
Your beauty wakens with the spring
  To kindle these pomegranate groves.

VIII.—Love Song.

Come to me, sweet, on silver-girt feet!
  Come with a kiss on thy lotus lips' bloom!
Come to me, love, like a moon in the gloom,
  And strangle my soul in thy kisses' perfume!

You flaunt your beauty in the rose,
  Your glory in the dawn,
Your sweetness in the nightingale,
  Your whiteness in the swan.

You haunt my waking like a dream,
  My slumber like a moon,
Pervade me with a musky scent,
  Possess me like a tune.

Yet when I crave of you, my sweet,
  One tender moment's grace,
You cry: "I sit behind the veil,
  I cannot show my face."

Shall any foolish veil divide
  My longing from my bliss?
Shall any fragile curtain hide
  Your beauty from my kiss?

What war is this of thee and me?
  Give o'er the wanton strife,
You are the heart within my heart,
  The life within my life.

IX.—Like a Serpent.

(She) Like a serpent to the calling voice of flutes,
Glides my heart into thy fingers, O my love!
Where the nightwind, like a lover, leans above
His jasmine-gardens and *sirisha*-bowers;
And on ripe boughs of many-coloured fruits
Bright parrots cluster like vermilion flowers.

(He) Like the perfume in the petals of a rose,
Hides thy heart within my bosom, O my love!
Like a garland, like a jewel, like a dove
That hangs its nest in the asoka-tree.
Lie still, O love, until the morning sows
Her tents of gold on fields of ivory.

X.—Nightfall in Hyderabàd.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat,
Jewelled with embers of opal and peridote.

See the white river that flashes and scintillates,
Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city gates.

Hark, from the minaret, how the *muezzin's* call
Floats like a battle-flag over the city wall.

From trellised balconies, languid and luminous
Faces gleam, veiled in a splendour voluminous.

Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes,
Swinging their silver bells hung from their silver chains.

Round the high Char Minar sounds of gay cavalcades
Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.

Over the city bridge, Night comes majestical,
Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival.

XI.—Cradle Song.

From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
  Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
  A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
  Dance through the fairy *neem*;
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
  A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,
In golden light
  The stars around you gleam;
On you I press,
With soft caress,
  A little lovely dream.

XII.—To a Buddha seated on a Lotus.

Lord Buddha, on thy Lotus-throne,
  With praying eyes and hands elate,
What mystic rapture dost thou own,
  Immutable and ultimate?
    What peace, unravished of our ken,
    Annihilate from the world of men?

The wind of change for ever blows
  Across the tumult of our way,
To-morrow's unborn griefs depose
  The sorrows of our yesterday.
    Dream yields to dream, strife follows strife,
    And Death unweaves the webs of Life.

For us the travail and the heat,
  The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,
  The flower deferred, the fruit denied;
    But not the peace, supremely won,
    Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

* * * * * *

The end, elusive and afar,
  Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
  A session of the Infinite.
    How shall we reach the great unknown
    Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne?

XIII.—Indian Dancers.

The music sighs and slumbers,
  It stirs and sleeps again . . . .
Hush, it wakes and weeps and murmurs,
  Like a woman's heart in pain.
Now it laughs and calls and coaxes,
  Like a lover in the night;
Now it pants with sudden longing
  Now it sobs with spent delight.

Like bright and wind-blown lilies
  The dancers sway and shine,
Swift in a rhythmic circle,
  Soft in a rhythmic line;
Their lithe limbs gleam like amber
  Thro' their veils of golden gauze,
As they glide and bend and beckon,
  As they wheel and wind and pause.

The voices of lutes and cymbals
  Fail on the failing breeze,
And the midnight's soul grows weary
  With the scent of the champak trees;
But the subtle feet of the dancers,
  In a long melodious chain,
Wake in the breast of lovers
  Love's ecstasy and pain.

XIV.—New Leaves grow green.

New leaves grow green on the banyan twigs,
  And red on the almond tree,
The honey-birds pipe to the budding figs,
  And honey-blooms call the bee.

Kingfishers ruffle the feathery sedge,
  And all the vivid air thrills
With butterfly wings in the wild rose hedge,
  And the tremulous blue of the hills.

* * * * * *

Kamala tinkles a lingering foot
  By the shrine in the tamarind grove,
While Gopal blows on his bamboo flute
  An idyll of spring and love.

XV.—Alabaster.

Like this alabaster box, whose art
Is frail as a cassia-flower, is my heart,
Carven with delicate dreams and wrought
With many a subtle and exquisite thought.

Therein I treasure the spice and scent
Of rich and passionate memories blent
Like odours of cinnamon, sandal and clove,
Of song and sorrow, and life and love.

XVI.—At the Threshold.

In childhood's pride I said to thee,
  O thou, who mad'st me of thy breath,
Speak, master, and reveal to me
  Thine inmost laws of life and death.

Give me to drink each joy and pain
  Which thy eternal hand can mete,
For my insatiate soul would drain
  Of earth's most bitter cup, or sweet!

Spare me no bliss, no pang of strife,
  Withhold no gift or grief I crave,
Th' intricate lore of love and life
  And subtle knowlege of the grave.

Lord, thou didst answer clear and low:
  "Child, I will hearken to thy prayer,
And thy unconquered soul shall know
  Each poignant rapture and despair.

* * * * * *

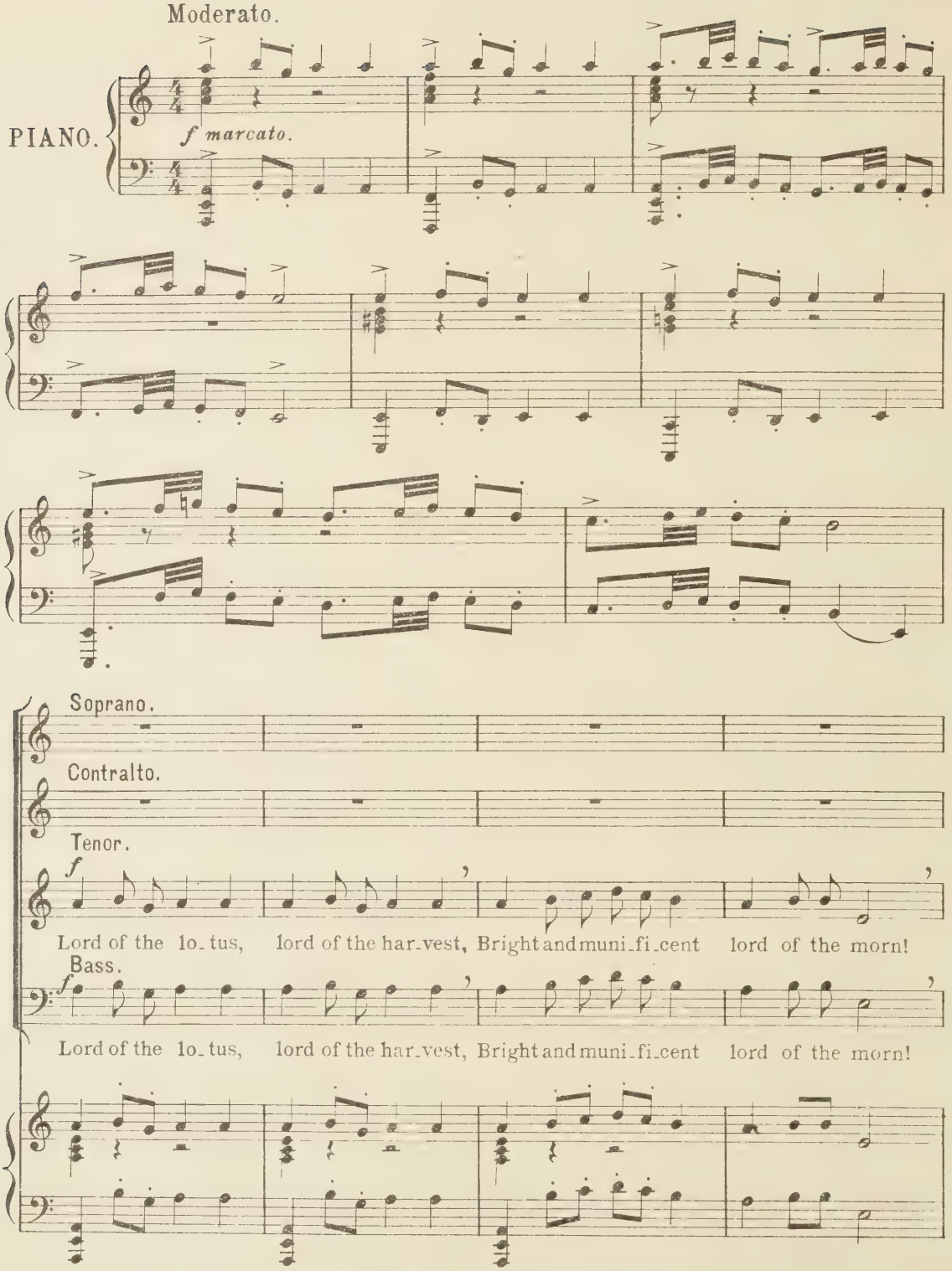
So shall thy chastened spirit yearn
  From its blind prayer to be released,
And, spent and pardoned, sue to learn
  The simple secrets of my peace.

I, bending from my sevenfold height,
  Shall teach thee of my quickening grace,
Life is a prism of my Light,
  And death the shadow of my Face."

The Golden Threshold.

Nº 1. Harvest Hymn.

(Chorus.)



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Thine is the boun - ty that prospered our sow - ing, Thine is the boun - ty that

Thine is the boun - ty that prospered our sow - ing, Thine is the boun - ty that

nurtured our corn. We bring thee our songs and our gar - lands for tri - bute, The

nurtured our corn. We bring thee our songs and our gar - lands for tri - bute, The

gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit; O gi - ver of mel - low - ing

gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit; O gi - ver of mel - low - ing

calando, *a tempo.*

ra-diance, we hail thee, We praise thee, O Sur-ya, with cym-bal and

ra-diance, we hail thee, We praise thee, O Sur ya, with cym-bal and

flute!

flute!

più dolce.

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the har-vest,

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the har-vest,

più dolce.

L. H.

Sweet and om - ni - po - tent mo - ther, O Earth! Thine is the plen - ti - ful

Sweet and om - ni - po - tent mo - ther, O Earth! Thine is the plen - ti - ful

L. H.

bo - som that feeds us, Thine is the womb where our rich - es have birth. We

cresc.

bo - som that feeds us, Thine is the womb where our rich - es have birth. We

cresc.

L. H. L. H.

cresc.

bring thee our love and our gar - lands for tri - bute, With gifts of thy op - u - lent

bring thee our love and our gar - lands for tri - bute, With gifts of thy op - u - lent

calando.

giv - ing we come; O source of our ma - ni - fold glad - ness, we hail thee, We

giv - ing we come; O source of our ma - ni - fold glad - ness, we hail thee, We

a tempo.

praise thee, O Pri - thvi, with cym - bal and drum!.....

praise thee, O Pri - thvi, with cym - bal and drum!.....

ff *Poco allargato.*

Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -

Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -

Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -

Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -

ff *Poco allargato.*

- ef - fa - ble Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,

- ef - fa - ble Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,

- ef - fa - ble Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,

- ef - fa - ble Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,

Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We

Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We

Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We

Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We

bring thee our lives and our la-bour for tri-bute, Grant us thy succour, thy

bring thee our lives and our la-bour for tri-bute, Grant us thy succour, thy

bring thee our lives and our la-bour for tri-bute, Grant us thy succour, thy

bring thee our lives and our la-bour for tri-bute, Grant us thy succour, thy

calando.

coun-sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We

coun-sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We

coun-sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We

coun-sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We

a tempo.

praise thee, O Brah - ma, with cym - bal and pray'r! .....

praise thee, O Brah - ma, with cym - bal and pray'r! .....

praise thee, O Brah - ma, with cym - bal and pray'r! .....

praise thee, O Brah - ma, with cym - bal and pray'r! .....

No. 2. Song of a Dream.

(Baritone Solo.)

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

Once in a dream of a night I stood Lone in the light of a mag - ic - al wood,

cresc.

Soul deep in vi - sions that pop - py - like sprang; And the spi - rits of Truth were the birds that sang,.....

p

a tempo

rall.

a tempo

And spi - rits of Love were the stars that glowed,.....

ritenuto

..... And spi - rits of Peace were the streams that flowed In that

p

primo tempo

mag - ic - al wood in the land of

p

sleep.....

pp

Lone in the light of that mag - ic - al grove I

L.H.

pp *subito*

felt ..... the stars of the spi - rits of Love

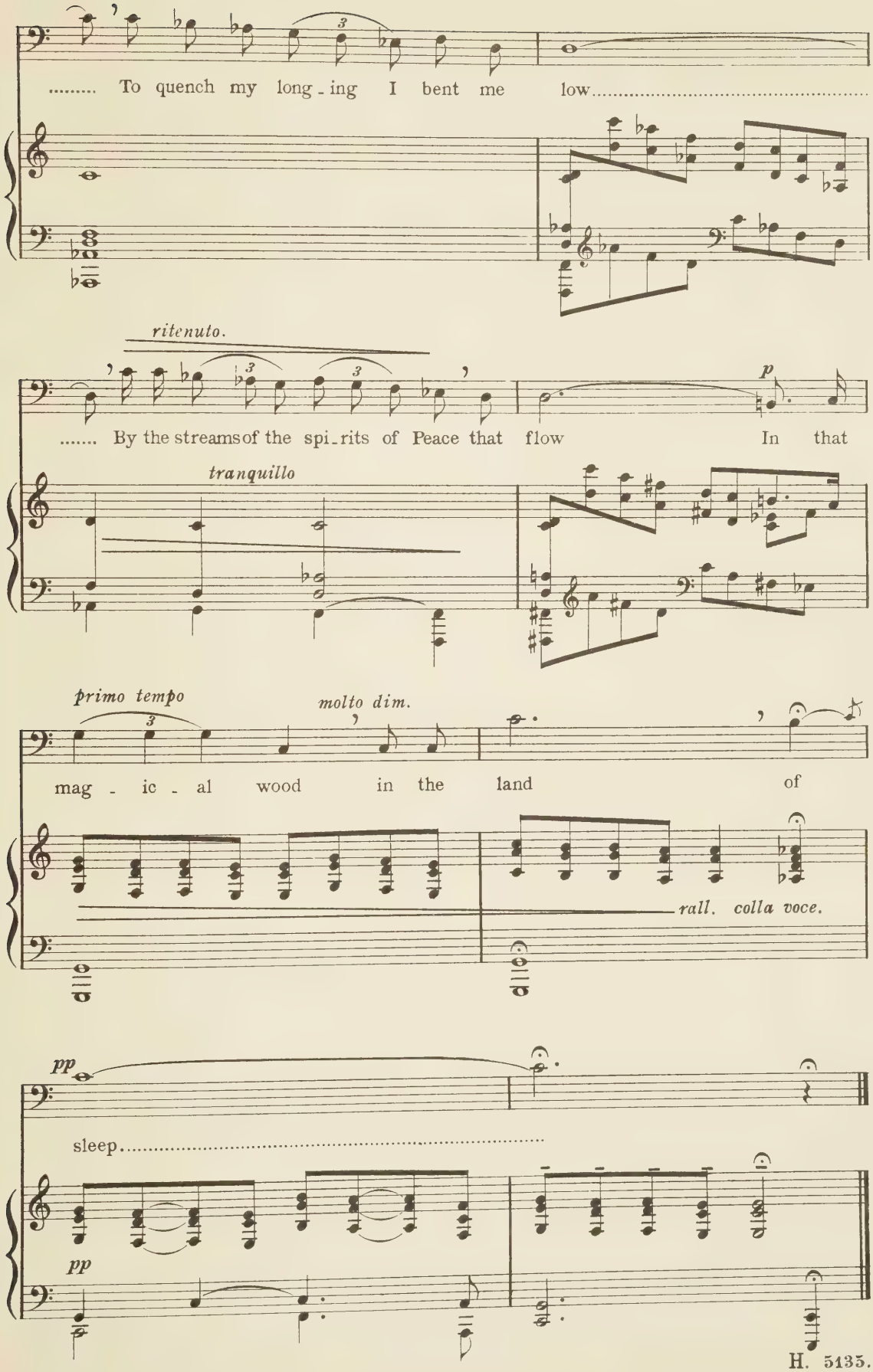
poco cresc. *più cresc.*

Ga - ther and gleam round my del - i - cate youth, And I

f *a tempo*

heard the song of the spi - - rits of Truth;.....

colla voce. *a tempo*


To quench my long - ing I bent me low
ritenuto.
p
By the streams of the spi - rits of Peace that flow In that
tranquillo
primo tempo
molto dim.
mag - ic - al wood in the land of
rall. colla voce.
pp
sleep
pp

No 3. Henna.

(Duet: Soprano & Contralto with Chorus*)

Allegretto un poco mosso.

PIANO.

mf

Soprano Solo. *mf*

A Ko - ki - la call'd from a hen - na - spray

Contralto Solo.

mf

Li - ra li - ree!..... Has - ten, maid - ens,

p

Li - ra li - ree!

*A solo quartette version in small type is added for use when there is no chorus.

has - ten a - way To ga - ther the leaves of the hen - na - tree.

The

cresc.

Send your pitch - ers a -

leaves of the hen - na - tree.

cresc.

Send your pitch - ers a -

- float on the tide, Ga - ther the leaves ere the dawn be old,

- float on the tide, Ga - ther the leaves ere dawn be old,

Grind them in mor_tars of am_ber and gold, The leaves of the

Grind them in mor_tars of am_ber and gold, The fresh green leaves of the

hen - na - tree!.....

hen - na - tree!.....

.....

.....

Soprano Solo.

Contralto Solo.

Chorus.

Soprano. *mf*

A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,– Li - ra, Li - ree!.....

Contralto.

Tenor. *mf*

A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,– Li - ra, Li - ree!.....

Bass.

*Solo Quartette.

Soprano.

Contralto.

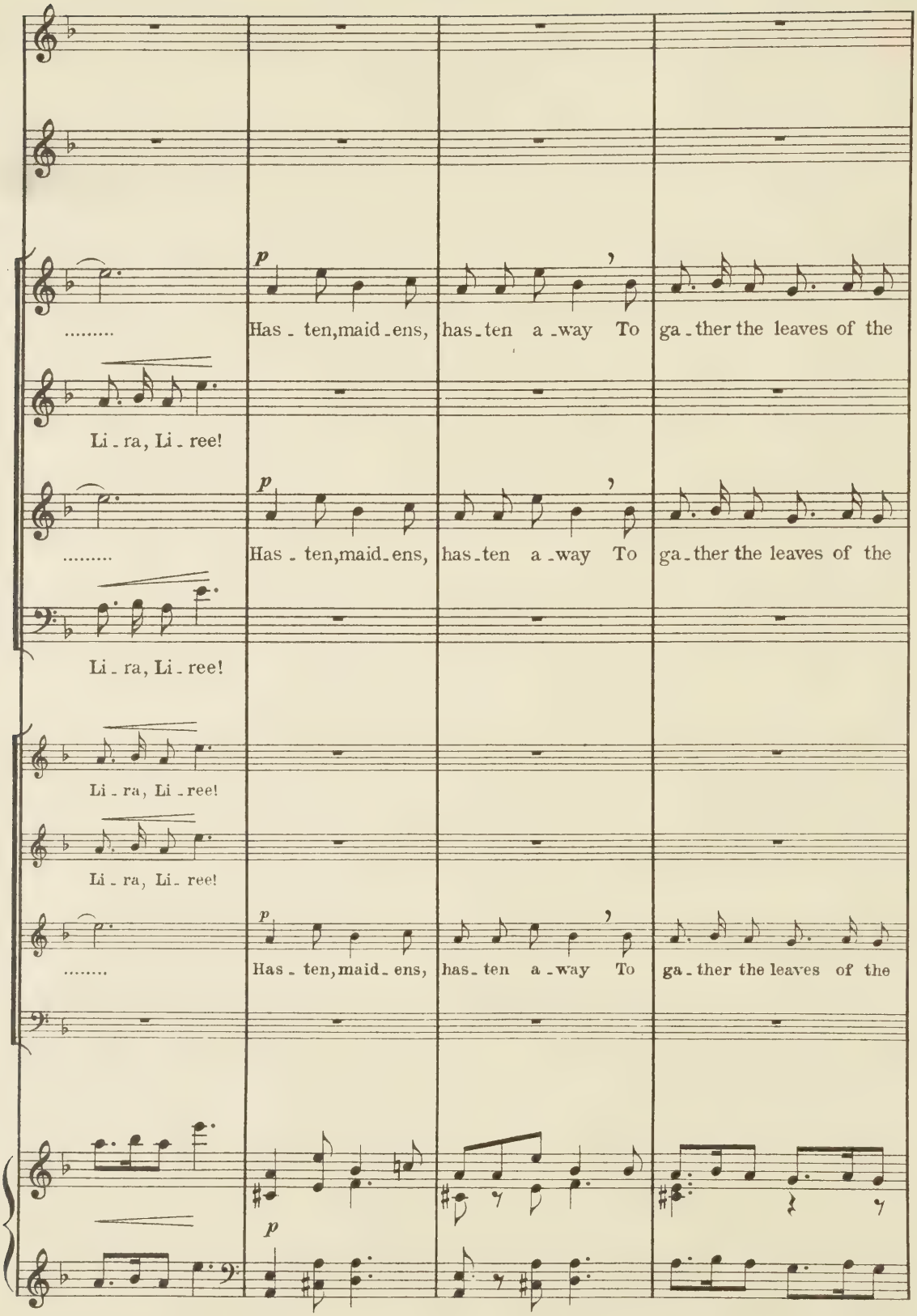
Tenor. *mf*

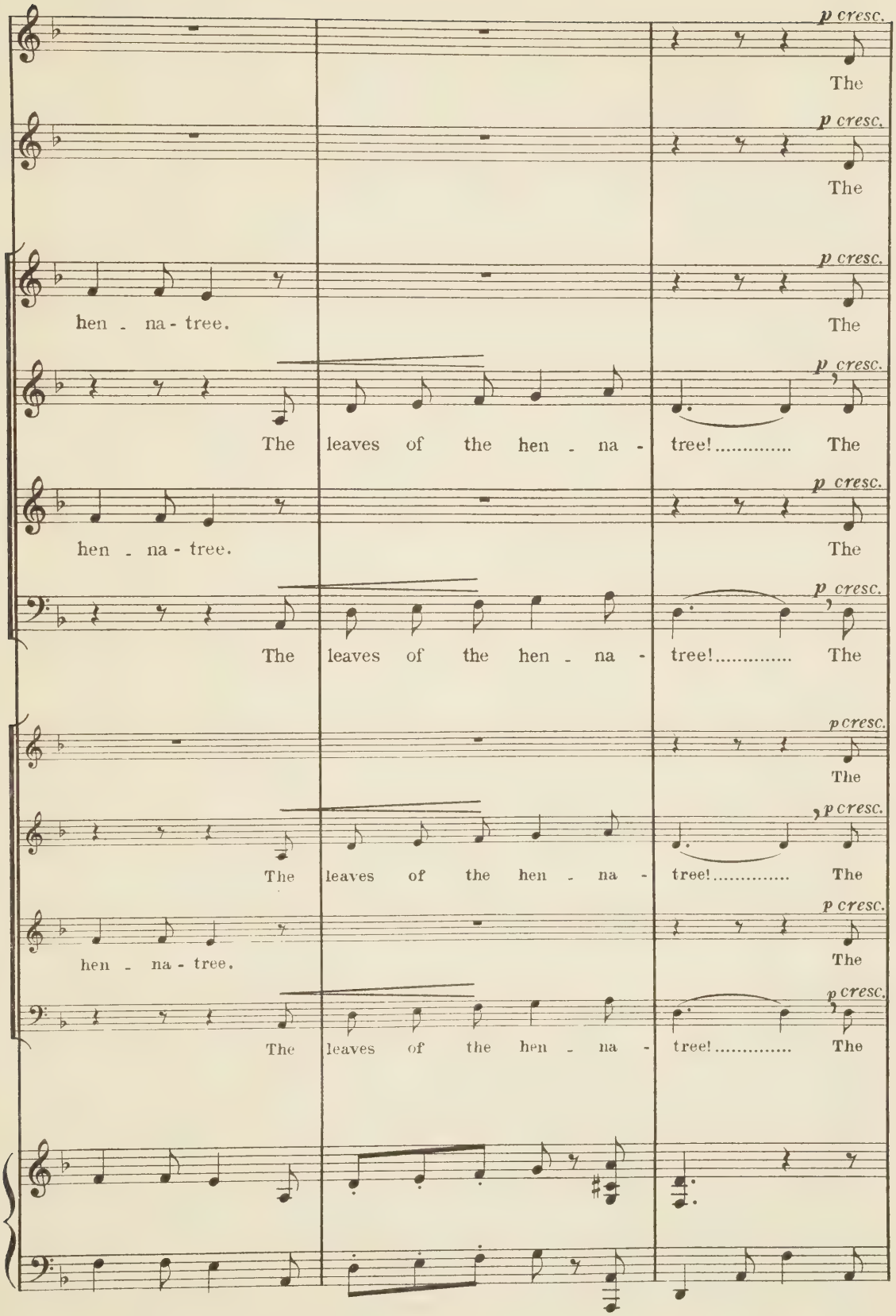
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,– Li - ra, Li - ree!.....

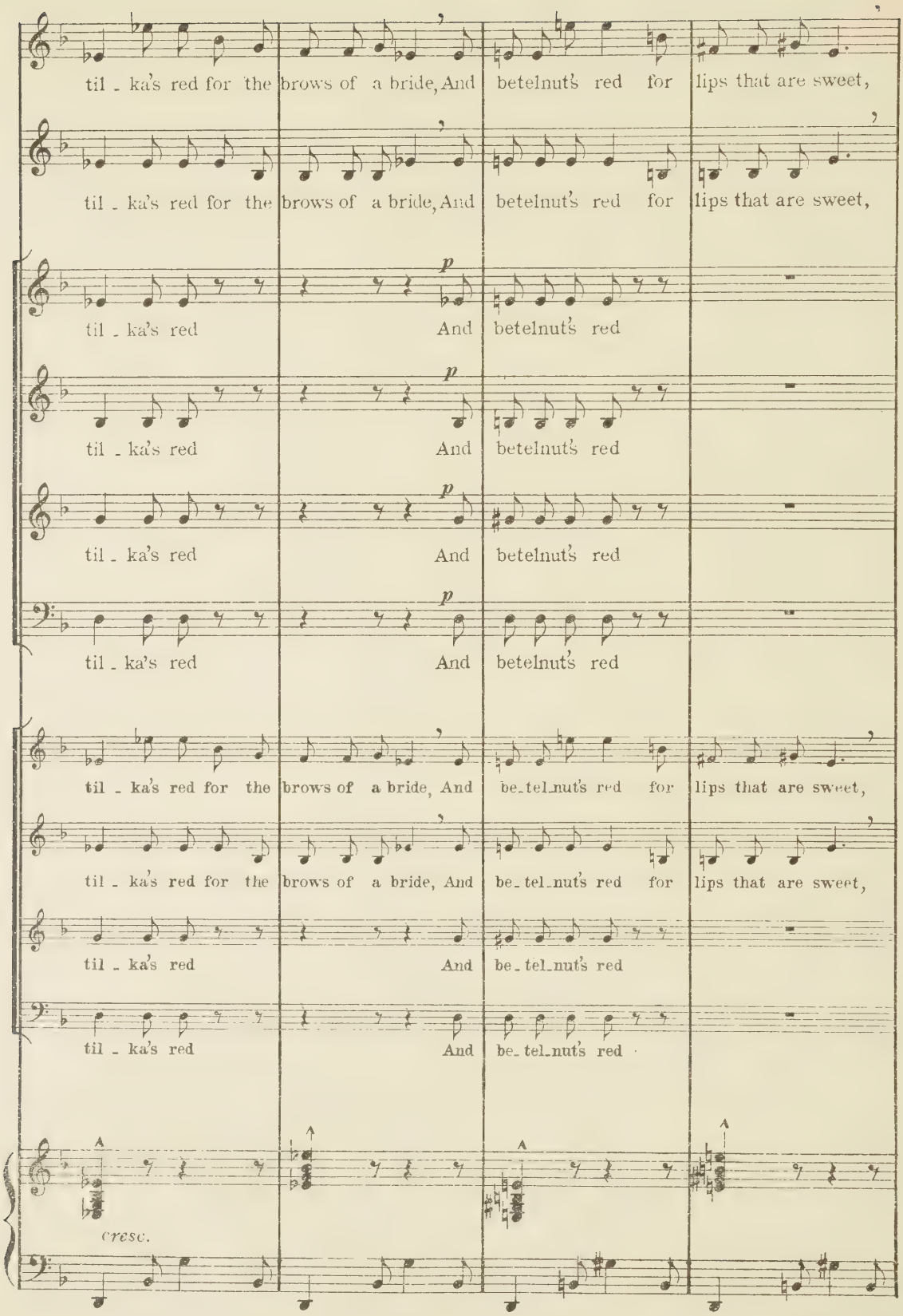
Bass.

mf

*Solo Quartette version only to be used when there is no Chorus.


.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way To ga - ther the leaves of the
Li - ra, Li - ree!
.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way To ga - ther the leaves of the
Li - ra, Li - ree!
Li - ra, Li - ree!
Li - ra, Li - ree!
.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way To ga - ther the leaves of the


p cresc.
The
The
hen - na - tree.
The
The leaves of the hen - na - tree! The
hen - na - tree.
The leaves of the hen - na - tree! The
The
The leaves of the hen - na - tree! The
hen - na - tree.
The
The leaves of the hen - na - tree! The


til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And betelnut's red for lips that are sweet,
til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And betelnut's red for lips that are sweet,
p
til - ka's red And betelnut's red
p
til - ka's red And betelnut's red
p
til - ka's red And betelnut's red
p
til - ka's red And betelnut's red
til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And be_tel_nut's red for lips that are sweet,
til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And be_tel_nut's red for lips that are sweet,
til - ka's red And be_tel_nut's red
til - ka's red And be_tel_nut's red
A
cresc.
A
A

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red, the red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red, the red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -

più cresc.

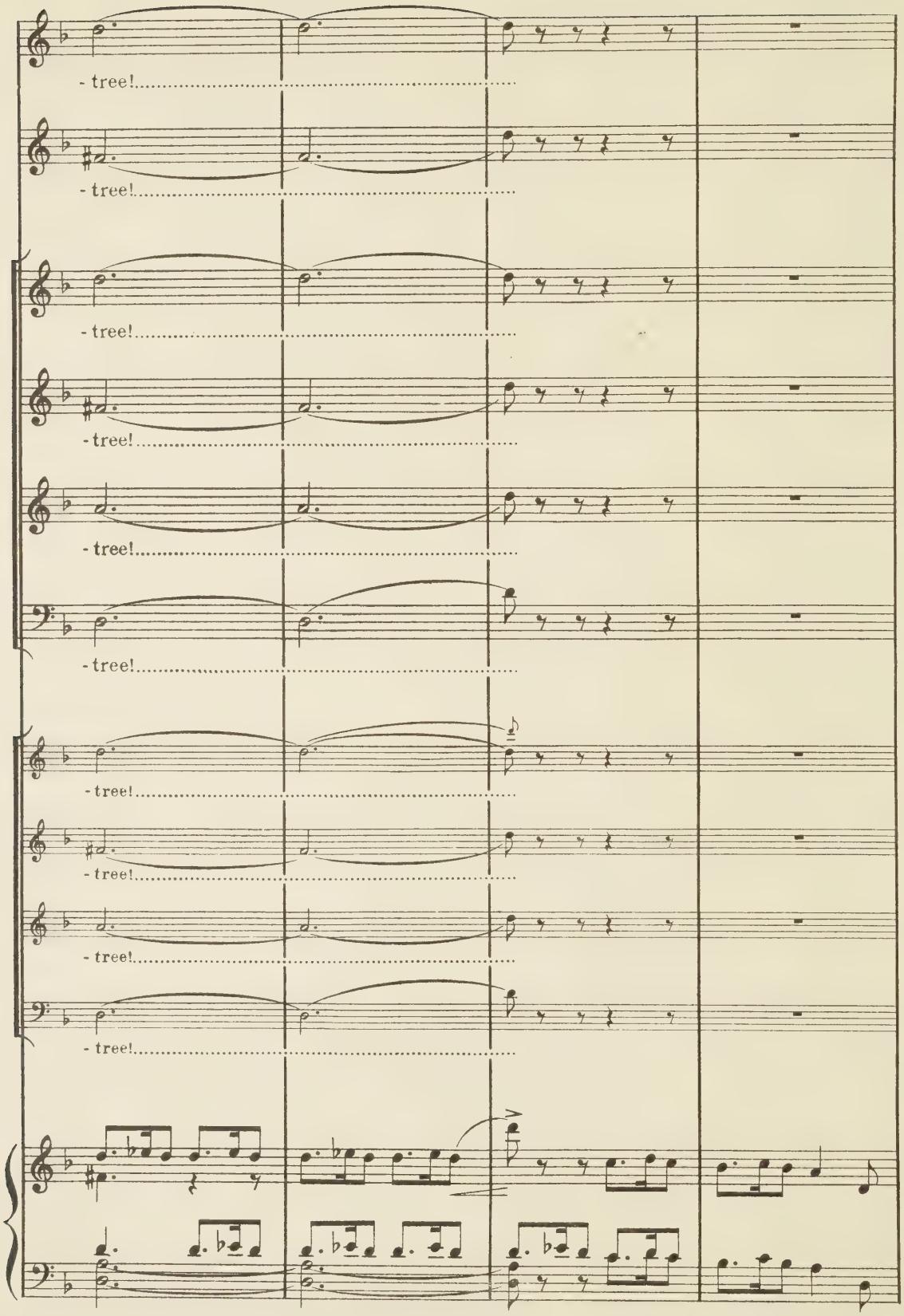
But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red, the red of the hen - na -

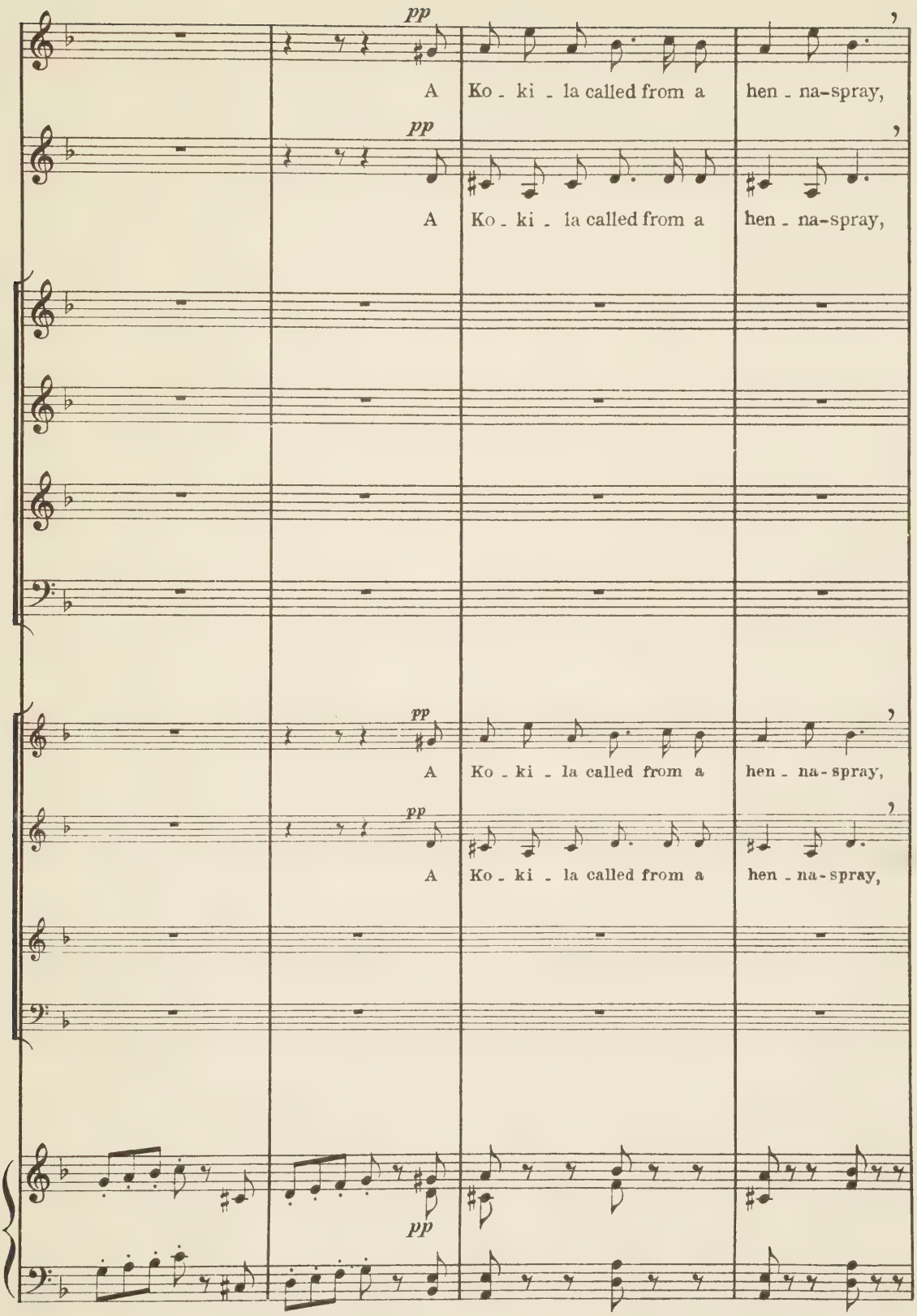
più cresc.

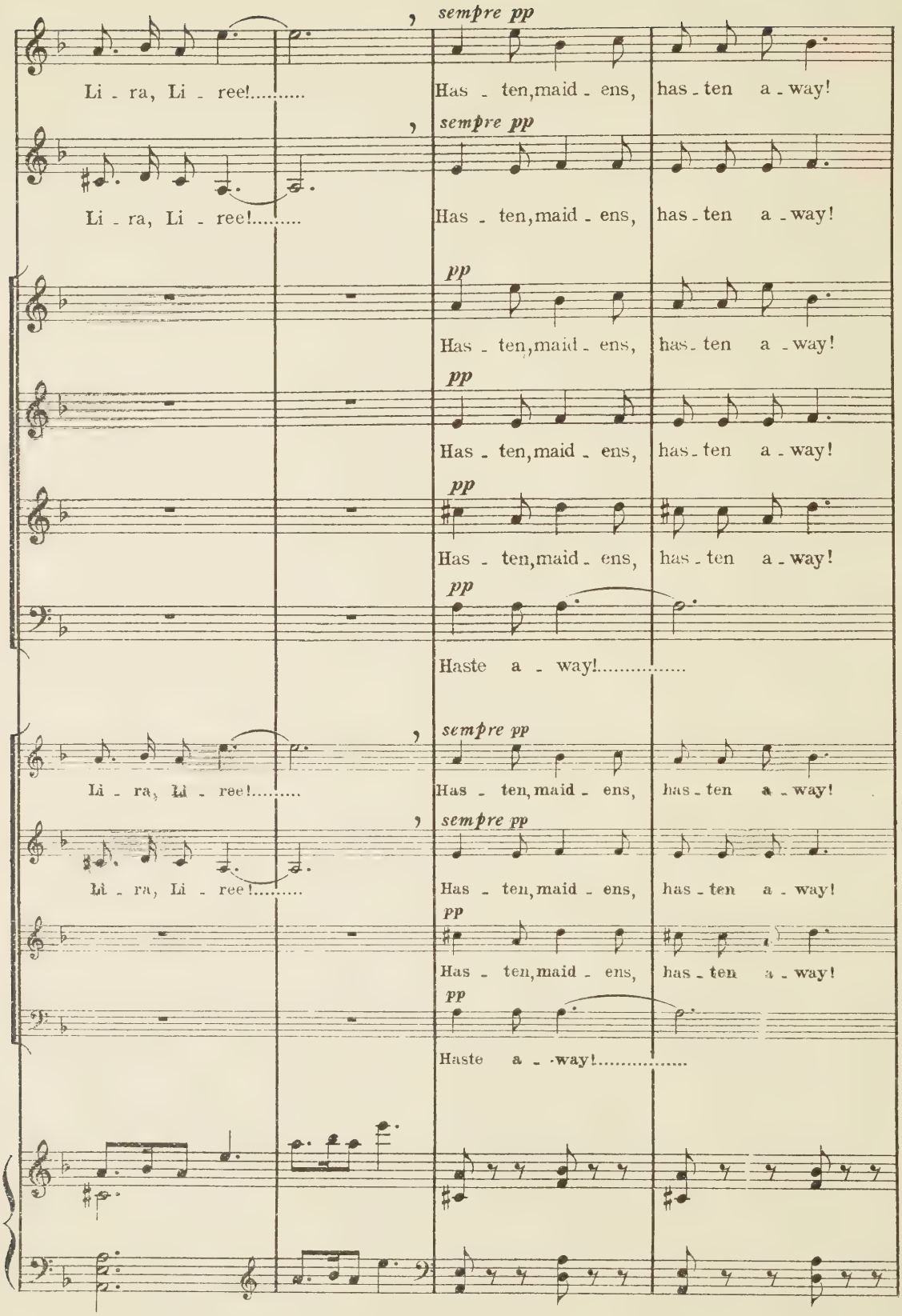
But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -

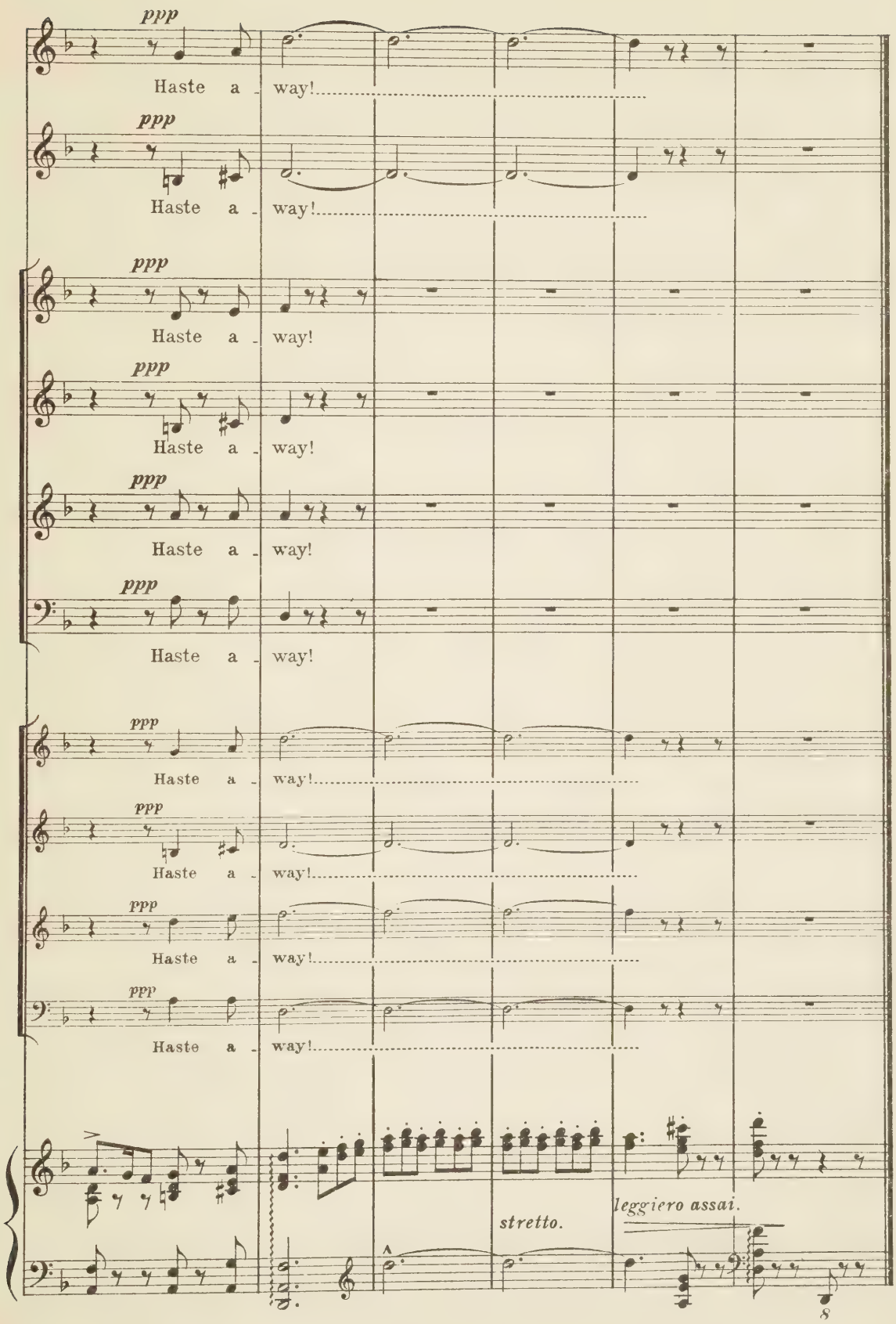
più cresc.

But for li - ly - like fin - gers and feet, The red of the hen - na -


- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!
- tree!

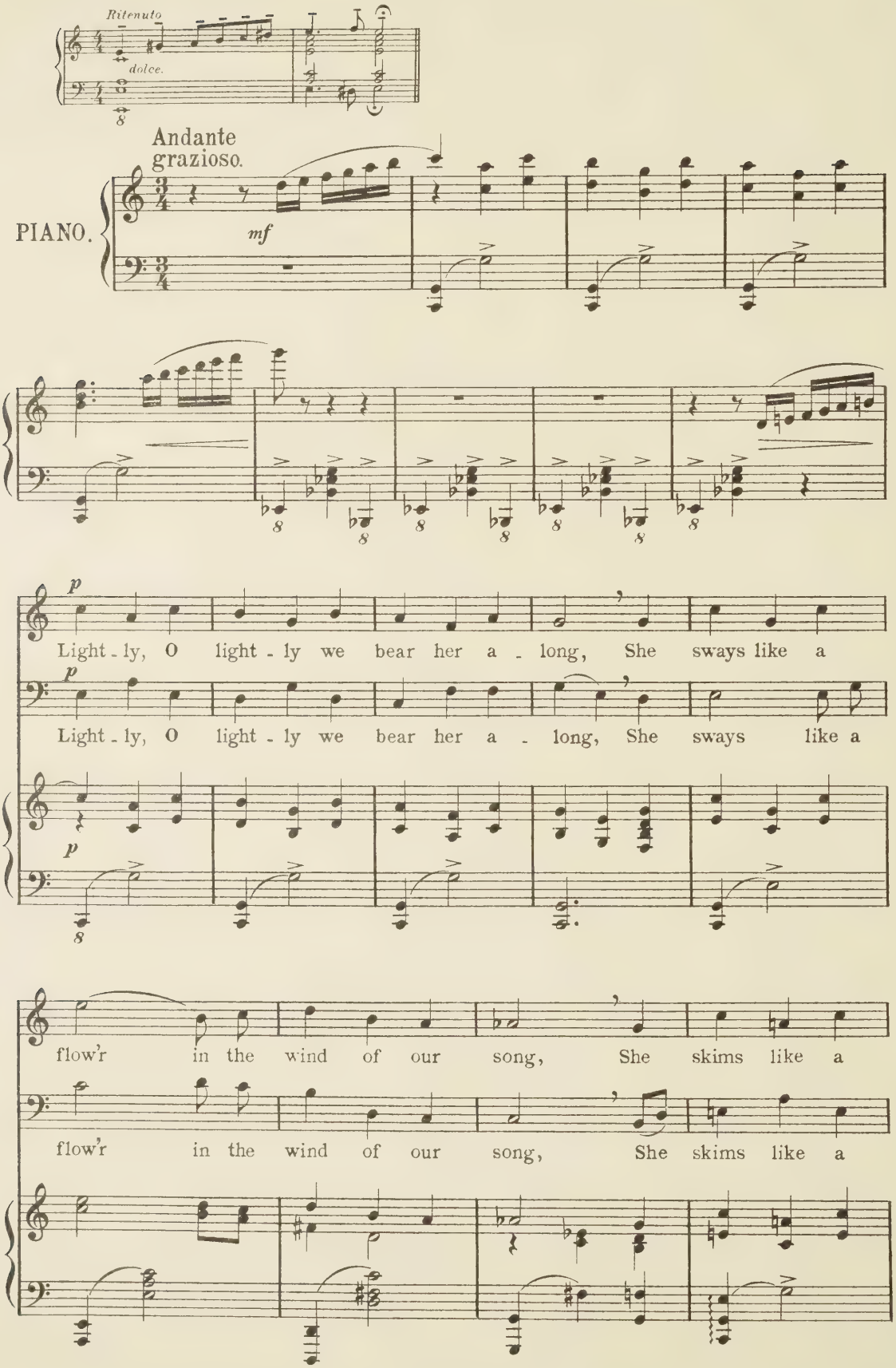

pp
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
pp
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
pp
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
pp
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
pp


sempre pp
Li - ra, Li - ree!.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
sempre pp
Li - ra, Li - ree!.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
pp
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
pp
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
pp
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
pp
Haste a - way!.....
sempre pp
Li - ra, Li - ree!.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
sempre pp
Li - ra, Li - ree!.....
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
pp
Has - ten, maid - ens, has - ten a - way!
pp
Haste a - way!.....


ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
ppp
Haste a - way!
stretto.
leggiero assai.
8

No. 4. Palanquin Bearers.

(Duet: Tenor & Baritone.)



bird on the foam of a stream, She floats like a.....

bird..... on the foam of a stream,....

portare la voce

laugh from the lips of..... a..... dream.....

Gai - ly, O

8

..... We bear her a -

gai - ly we glide and we sing, We bear her a -

- long like a pearl..... on a string.....

- long like a pearl..... on a string.....

8

pp

Soft - ly, O

pp

Soft - ly, O

pp

soft - ly we bear her a - long, She hangs like a

soft - ly we bear her a - long,.... She hangs like a

cresc.

star in the dew of our song, She springs like a

cresc.

star in the dew of our song, She springs like a

beam on the brow of the tide, She

beam..... on the brow of the tide,.....

falls like a... tear from the eyes of.... a..... bride.....

portare la voce.

.....

We

p

Light - ly, O light - ly we glide and we sing, We

bear her a - long like a pearl..... on a

bear her a - long like a pearl..... on a

slur heavily.

oppure.

f

string..... Ah!.....

string.....

oppure.

slur heavily

f

Ah!.....

Nº 5. The Serpents are asleep among the Poppies.

(Solo: Contralto. Recit.)

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf *p*

R.H. L.H.

R.H.

accel. *rall.*

rall.

(Contralto Solo. *Recit.*)

p ritenuto

The ser-pents are a-sleep a-mong the pop-pies, The

p

fire - flies light the sound - less pan - ther's way To

tan - gled paths where shy gaz - elles are stray - ing, And

p

par - rot plumes out-shine the dy - ing day. O soft! the lo - tus buds up -

L.H.

pp

- on..... the.... stream Are stir - ring like sweet mai - dens

L.H.

ppp

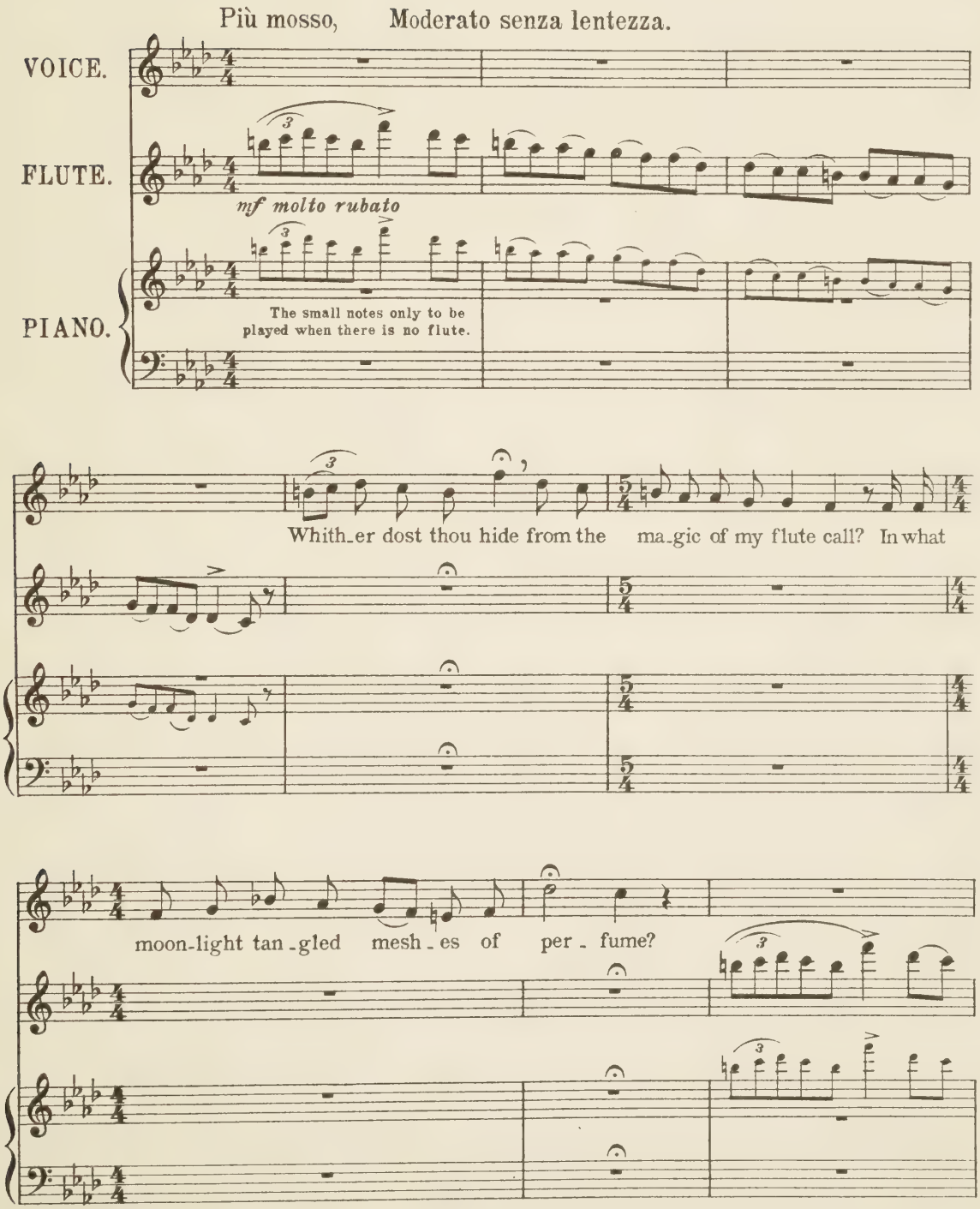
when they dream.....

ppp

No. 6. The Snake-charmer.

(Soprano Solo.)

(WITH FLUTE OBBLIGATO.)



Where the clust'ring ke_ov_as guard the squirrel's slum_ber,

Where the deep woods glim_mer with the jas_mine's bloom?

mf ma più animato

cresc.

I'll feed thee, O be_lov_ed, on

cresc.

milk and wild red hon_ey, I'll bear thee in a bas_ket of

rush - es, green and white, To a pal - ace bow'r Where

gol-den-ves-ted mai - dens Thread with mel-low laugh-ter the pet-als of de-

light

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Whith - er dost thou loi - ter, by what murm-'ring hol - lows, Where

L. H.

o - le - an - ders scat - ter their am - bro - sial fire? Come, sub - tle bride of

L. H.

my mel - li - fluous woo - ing, Come, thou sil - ver breast - ed moonbeam

molto cresc:

of de - sire.....

pp

L.H.

f

pp

pp tr

Ah!

tr

Ah!

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

sempre pp

Ah!

Whith - er dost thou hide from the

ppp

ma - gic of my flute call?

pp tr

pp

pp tr

Ah!

Come!

colla voce

Nº 7. The Royal Tombs of Golconda.

(Baritone Solo & Chorus.)

Lento.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

tranquillo

mf

I

muse among these si - lent fanes.... Whose spac - ious dark - ness hides your

dust; A - round me sleep the hoar - y plains..... That hold your

an - cient wars in trust. I pause,— my dreaming spi - rit

p

hears,..... A-cross the wind's..... un - qui - et tides, The

p misterioso

glim-m'ring mu - sic of your spears,.... The laughter of.....your roy - al

poco cresc

p

brides.

L. H.

f

In vain, O Kings, doth time as - pire..... To make your

f

name..... ob - liv - ion's sport..... While yon - der hill wears like a

tiar..... The ru - ined gran - - deur of your fort. Though

centuries fal - ter and de - cline,..... Your pro - ven strong - holds shall re -

- main Em - bo - died mem'- ries of your line,..... In - car - nate

le - gends of your reign.

p L. H.

mf *cantabile assai*

O Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

mf

flow'r - like bod - ies to the tomb;.....

Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed

cresc.

Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom.....

Each new - born year..... the bul - - buls sing..... Their

misterioso
p

songs..... of your re - na - scent loves;..... Your

pp

beau - ty wa - kens with the spring..... To

kin - dle these..... pome - gra - - nate groves.....

L.H.

Solo Bass.

.....

Chorus.

Soprano. *p* *e poco a poco cresc.*

O Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

Contralto. *p* *e poco a poco cresc.*

O Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

Tenor. *p* *e poco a poco cresc.*

O Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

Bass. *p* *e poco a poco cresc.*

O Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

flow'r - like bo - dies to the tomb.....

flow'r - like bo - dies to the tomb.....

flow'r - like bo - - dies..... to the..... tomb.....

flow'r - like bo - dies to the tomb.....

Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed

Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed

Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed

Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed

L.H.

Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom.....

Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom.....

Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom, of your bloom.....

Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom.....

cresc.

Each new-born year..... the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each new-born year..... the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each new-born year..... the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each newborn year..... the bul - buls sing..... Their

Each new-born year..... the bul - - buls sing..... Their

8 8 8 8

dim.

songs..... of your re - na - scent loves..... Your

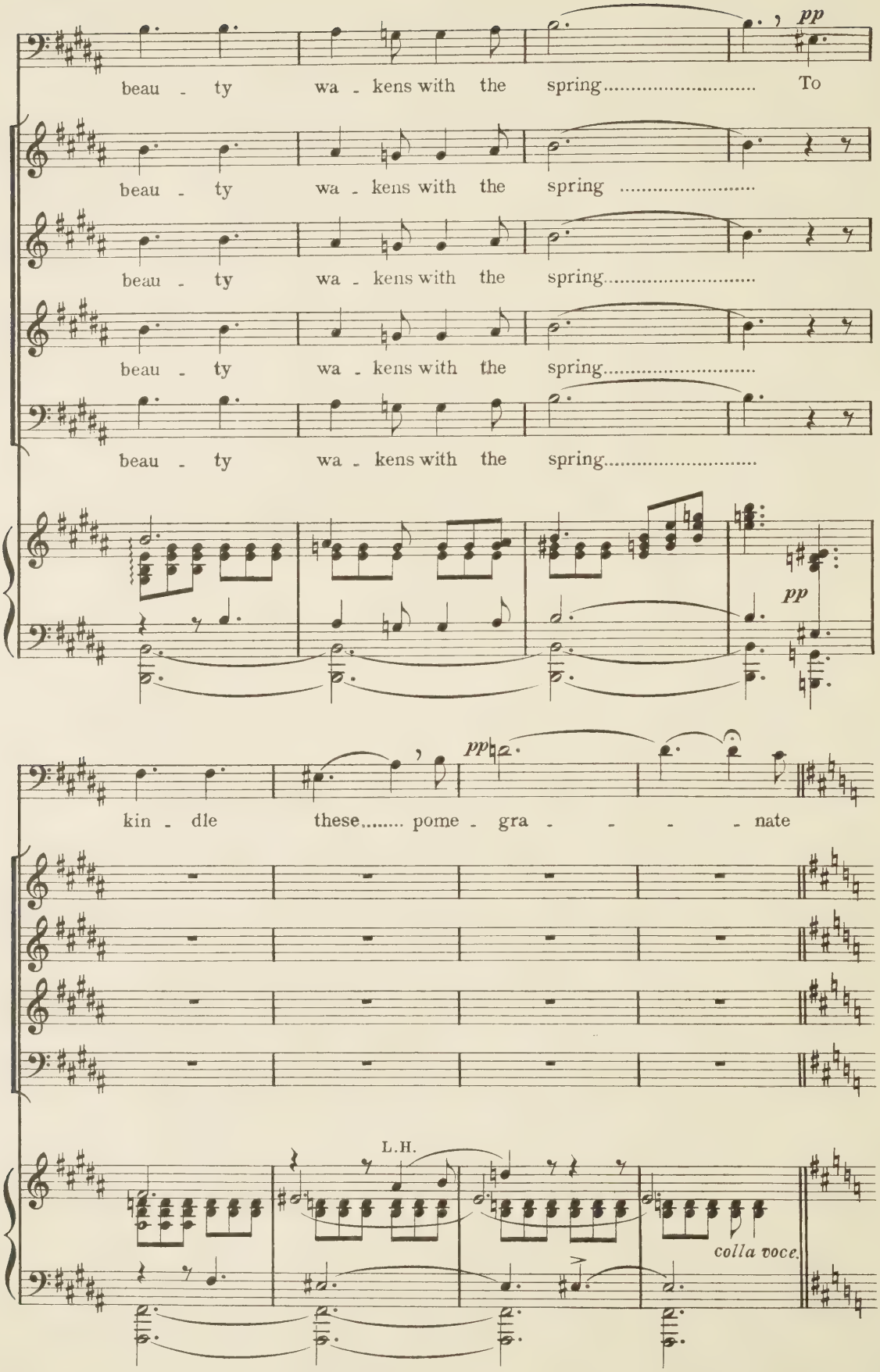
songs..... of your re - na - scent loves..... Your

songs..... of your re - na - scent loves..... Your

songs..... of your re - na - scent loves..... Your

songs..... of your re - na - scent loves..... Your

8 8 8


pp
beau - ty wa - kens with the spring..... To
beau - ty wa - kens with the spring .....
beau - ty wa - kens with the spring.....
beau - ty wa - kens with the spring.....
beau - ty wa - kens with the spring.....
pp
pp
kin - dle these..... pome - gra - - - - nate
L.H.
colla voce.

groves.....

pp *Bouche fermée.*

Ah! .....

pp *Bouche fermée.*

Ah! .....

pp *Bouche fermée.*

Ah! .....

pp *Bouche fermée.*

Ah! .....

L. H.

Almost bouche fermée.

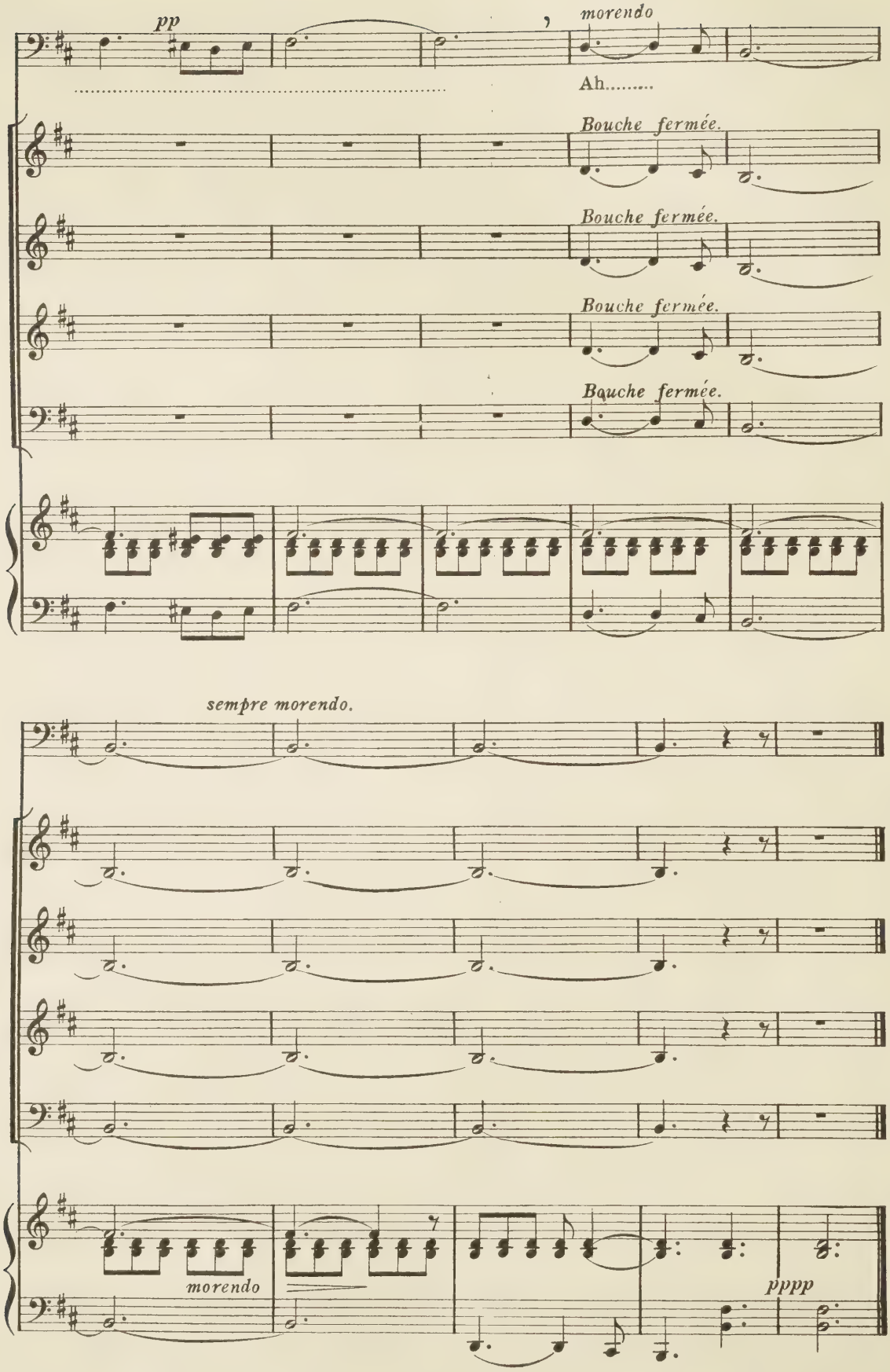
Ah

slur

slur

slur

slur


pp
morendo
Ah.....
Bouche fermée.
Bouche fermée.
Bouche fermée.
Bouche fermée.
sempre morendo.
morendo
pppp

Nº 8. Love-Song— You flaunt your Beauty.

(Tenor Solo)

Moderato senza lentezza.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

sotto voce ma appassionato

p

Come to me, sweet, on

sil - ver - girt feet! Come with a kiss on thy lo - tus lips' bloom!

colla voce.

Come to me, love, like a moon in the gloom, And

stran - gle my soul in thy kiss - es' per - fume!

L.H.

colla voce.

colla voce.

Un poco mosso

f

You

f

con slancio

flaunt your beau - ty in the rose, Your glo - ry in the

L.H.

L.H.

dawn, Your sweet - ness in the night - in - gale, Your

L.H.

p

white - ness in the swan. You haunt my wa - king like a

L.H.

subito p

dream, My slum - ber like a moon, Per - vade me with a

L.H.

L.H.

pp

mus-ky scent, Pos - sess me like a tune.

pp
colla voce

L.H.

Poco più mosso

Yet when I crave of you, my sweet, A ten - der mo - ment's

grace, You cry: "I sit be - hind the veil, I

p

p

can-not show my face!" ..... Shall an - y fool-ish veil di -

f appassionate

L.H.

-vide My long - - ing from my

bliss?..... Shall a - ny fra - gile cur - tain

sempre cresc.

L. H.

hide Your beau - - ty from..... my

kiss? What war is this of thee and

L.H.

me? Give o'er the wan - ton strife, You

are the heart with - in my heart, The life.....

accel.

accel.

..... with - in..... my life!.....

L. H.*

colla voce.

a tempo

accell.

.....

accell.

* Play this note as A if the Vocalist is singing A.

Nº 9. Like a Serpent to the calling Voice of Flutes.

(Duet: Contralto & Tenor)

Moderato un poco mosso.

Contralto.

Tenor.

PIANO.

Like a..... ser - pent

to the call - ing voice of flutes, Glides my heart in -

- to thy fin - gers, O my love!

Where the night-wind, like a lo-ver, leans a-

-bove His jas-mine gar-dens and sir-ish-a

portare la voce.

bow-ers; And on ripe boughs of

ma-ny-coloured fruits Bright parrots clus-ter like ver-mi-lion flow-ers.

L.H.

pp

Like the per - fume in the pet - als of a rose

pp

Hides thy.... heart with - in my bo - som, O my

love! Like a gar - land, like... a..... jew - el,

p

like..... a..... dove That hangs its nest.....

in the a - so - ka tree.....

ritenuto ad lib.

lunga *subito pp*

Lie still, O love, un - til the morn - ing sows Her tents of

lunga

subito pp

p a tempo

Like a..... ser - pent

gold on fields of..... iv - - - o - ry!.....

colla voce. *mf a tempo*

to the call - ing voice of flutes,

p

lie still!

Glides my heart in - to thy..... fin - gers Ah!.....

Ah!.....

..... my love!.....

..... lie still!.....

pp

Lento.

p

L. H.

Nº 10. Nightfall in Hyderabad.

(Chorus.)

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.

f Soprano.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

f Contralto.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

f Tenor.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

f Bass.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

Jew-elled with em-bers of o-pal and per-i-dote

Jew-elled with em-bers of o-pal and per-i-dote.....

Jew-elled with em-bers of o-pal and per-i-dote.....

Jew-elled with em-bers of o-pal and per-i-dote.....

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

Curv'd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - ty gates.

Curv'd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - - ty

Curv'd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - - ty

Curv'd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - - ty

p

Hark, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call

p

gates, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call

p

gates, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call

p

gates, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call

p

Floats like a bat-tle-flag o-ver the ci-ty wall.

Floats like a bat-tle-flag o-ver the ci-ty wall.....

Floats like a bat-tle-flag o-ver the ci-ty wall.....

Floats like a bat-tle-flag o-ver the ci-ty wall.....

mf

From trel-lised bal-con-ies lan-guid and lum-in-ous

mf

From trel-lised bal-con-ies lan-guid and lum-in-ous

mf

From trel-lised bal-con-ies lan-guid and lum-in-ous

mf

From trel-lised bal-con-ies lan-guid and lum-in-ous

poco allarg. *a tempo.*

Fa-ces gleam veiled in a splen-dour vol-u-mi-

Fa-ces gleam veiled in a splen-dour vol-u-mi-

Fa-ces gleam veiled in a splen-dour vol-u-mi-

Fa-ces gleam veiled in a splen-dour vol-u-mi-

- nous

- nous

- nous

- nous

f un poco pesante.

Lei - sure - ly el - e - phants wind through the wind - ing lanes,

un poco pesante

f

Swing - ing their sil - ver bells hung from their sil - ver chains

Round the high Char Mi - nar sounds of gay cav - al - cades

Round the high Char Mi - nar sounds of gay cav - al - cades

Blend with the mu - sic of cym - bals and ser - e - nades.....

Blend with the mu - sic of cym - bals and ser - - e -

- nades.....

f *allargando.*

O - ver the ci - ty bridge Night comes ma - jes - tic - al

O - ver the ci - ty bridge Night comes ma - jes - tic - al

O - ver the ci - ty bridge Night comes ma - jes - tic - al

O - ver the ci - ty bridge Night comes ma - jes - tic - al

f *allargando.*

Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -

Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -

Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -

Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -

val.

val.

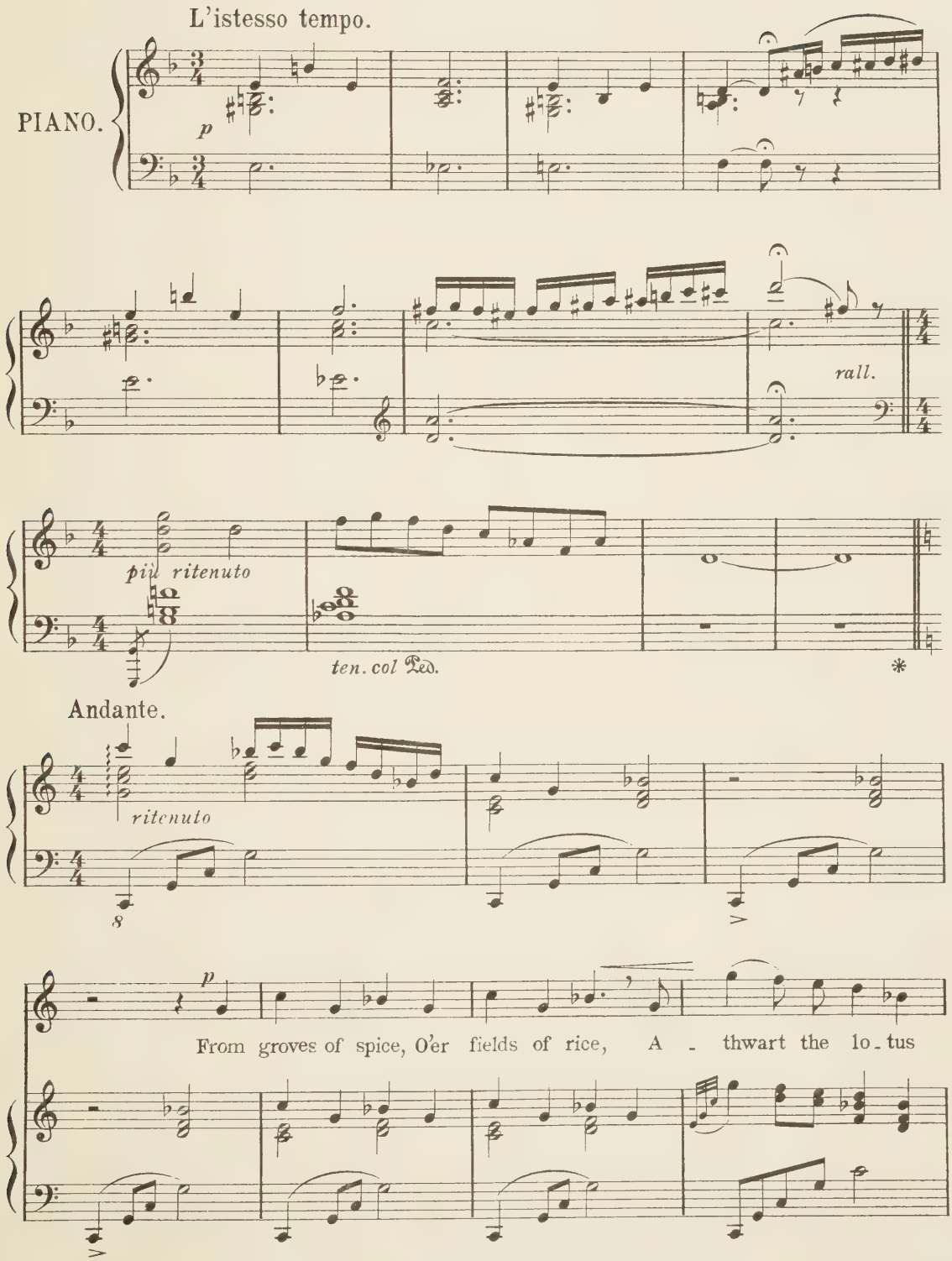
val.

val.

loco.

Nº 11. Cradle Song.

(Soprano Solo)



poco rall. *a*

stream, I bring for you, A - glint with dew, A

colla voce.

tempo

lit - tle love-ly dream..... Sweet,

p

shut your eyes, The wild fire-flies Dance through the fair - y

cresc. *mf*

neem; From the pop-py - bole For you I stole a

lit - tle love-ly dream.....

pp

pp poco ritenuto.

Dear eyes, good - night,- In

poco rit:
pp

gol - den light The stars a-round you gleam; On

you I press, with soft car- - - ess, A

glissez

rall. *pp*

you I press, with soft..... caress, A

colla voce.

pp

lit - tle love - ly..... dream.....

pp

lit - tle love - - ly.... dream.....

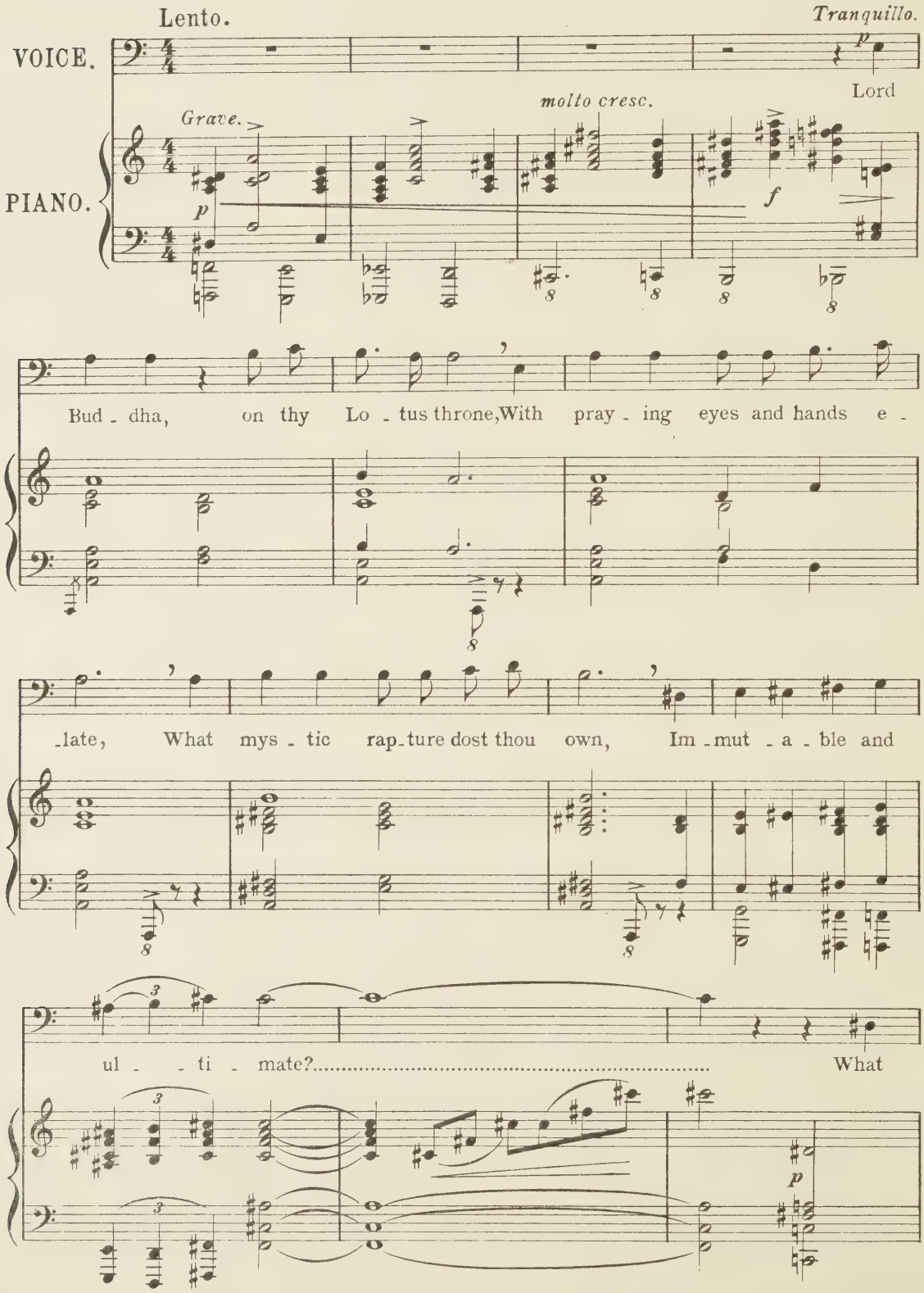
pp

ppp

R.H.

No. 12. To a Buddha seated on a Lotus.

(Baritone Solo and Solo Quartette.)



peace un - rav - ished of our ken, An - nihilate from the world of

men?..... The wind of change for ev - er blows A -

- cross the tu - mult of our way, To - mor - row's unborn griefs de - pose The

sor - rows of our yes - ter - day.....

Dream yields to dream, strife follows strife, And Death unweaves the webs of

Poco più mosso.

Life. For us the travail and the heat, The

bro - ken se - crets of our pride, The stren - uous les - sons of de -

- feat, The flow'r deferred, the fruit de - nied; But not the peace, su -

allargato.

- preme - ly won, Lord Bud - dha, of thy Lo - - tus throne.

allargato.

Primo tempo

pp

The

ff

subito

pp

end, e - lu - sive and a - far, Still lures us with its beck'ning

flight, And all our mor - tal mo - ments are A

ses - sion of the In - fi - nite.....

L.H.

mf

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir -

(Solo Sopr. Cont. & Tenor rise.)

- va - na of.... thy Lo - tus throne?.....

Soprano Solo.

pp

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir -

Contralto Solo.

pp

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir -

Tenor Solo.

pp

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir

pp

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir - -

(The *small* notes for purposes of practise only.)

- va - na of..... thy..... Lo - tus throne?.....

- va - na of thy Lo - tus throne?.....

- va - na of..... thy..... Lo - tus throne?.....

- va - na of thy Lo - tus throne?.....

SOLO ENDING WHEN THERE IS NO QUARTETTE.

sempre pp

slur slowly

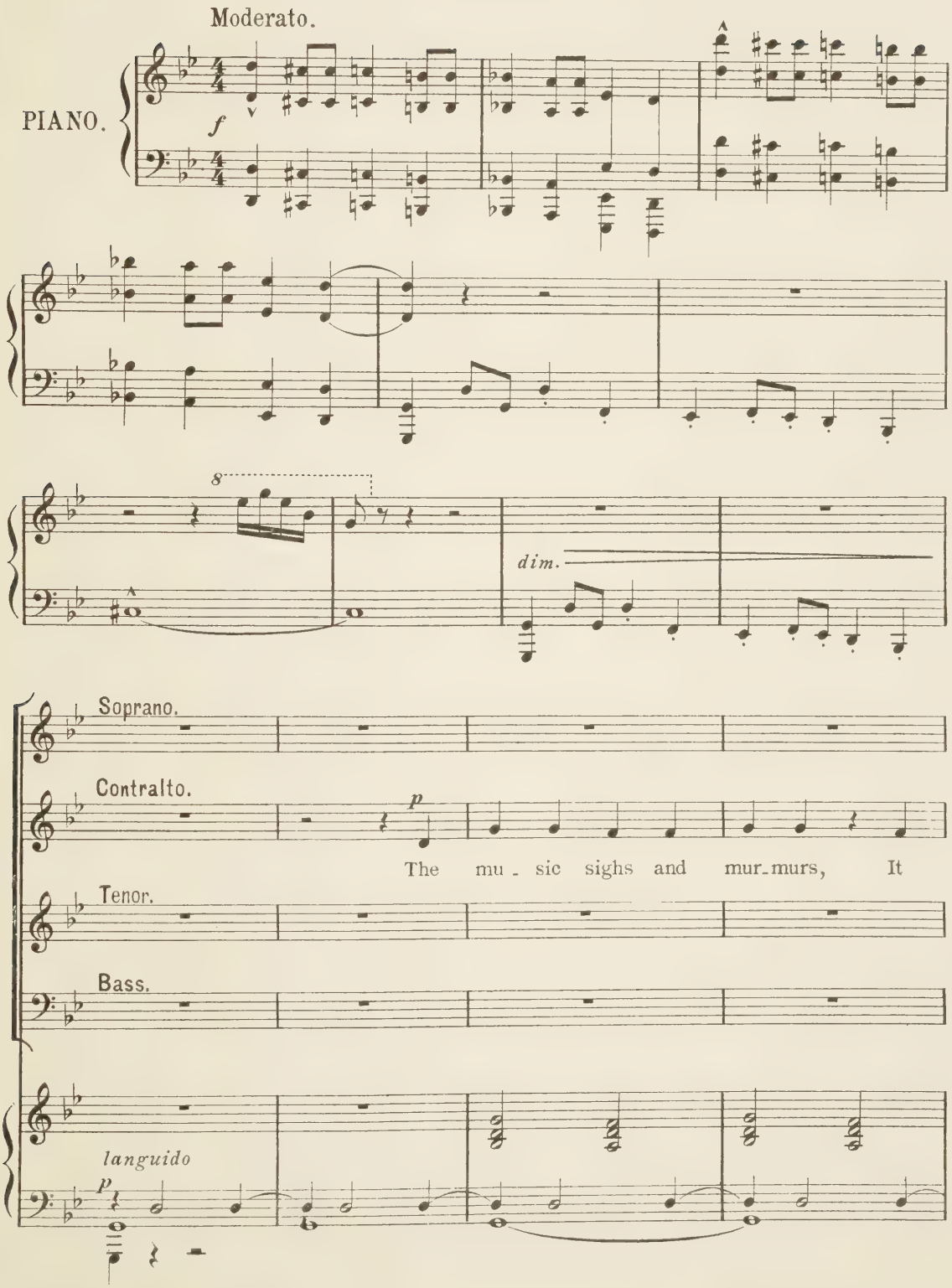
How shall we reach the great un - known Nir - - va - na of thy

sempre pp

Lo - tus throne?.....

Nº 13. Indian Dancers.

(Chorus)



stirs and sleeps a - gain, Hush it...wakes and mur - murs Like a wo - man's

heart in pain.....

poco cresc.

Now it calls and coaxes Like a

s

pp

cresc.

Now it pants with sud - den long - ing, Now it

Now it

lov - - er in the night; Now it pants with sud - den long - ing, Now it

Now it

cresc.

sobs with spent de - - light

sobs with spent de - - light

sobs with spent de - - light

sobs with spent de - - light

mf

Like bright and wind - blown li - lies The

8

dim.

f

Swift in a rhyth - mic cir - cle,

3

f

dan - cers sway and shine, Swift in a rhyth - mic cir - cle,

f

Their

pp

Soft in a rhyth - mic line

Their

pp

Soft in a rhyth - mic line

pp

lithe limbs gleam like am - ber Thro' their veils of gol - den

lithe limbs gleam like am - ber Thro' their veils of gol - den

cresc.

gauze, As they glide and bend and beck - on, As they wheel and

As they wheel and

cresc.

gauze, As they glide and bend and beck - on, As they wheel and

As they wheel and

cresc.

p

wind and pause.....

p

wind and pause.....

p

wind and pause.....

p

wind and pause.....

p

f

s

mf

The voi - ces of lutes and cymbals Fail on the fail - ing

mf

breeze, And the mid - night's soul grows wea - ry With the

p

Poco accel.

pp *leggiero*

But the sub - tle feet of the

pp

But the sub - tle feet of the

pp

scent of the cham - pak trees; But the sub - tle feet of the

pp

But the sub - tle feet of the

Poco accel.

p *pp*

dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,

dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,

dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,

dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,

8

cresc. molto

ff

Wake in the breast of lov - - ers Love's ec - sta - - sy and

ff

Wake in the breast of lov - - ers Love's ec - sta - - sy and

ff

Wake in the breast of lov - - ers Love's ec - sta - - sy and

ff

Wake in the breast of lov - - ers Love's ec - sta - - sy and

ff

slur heavily

pain

slur heavily

pain

slur heavily

pain

slur heavily

pain

p

The mu - sic sighs and slumbers, It

Primo tempo

stirs and sleeps a - gain, Hush, it....wakes and mur - murs

Like a wo - man's heart ..... in

pp

pain .....

morendo

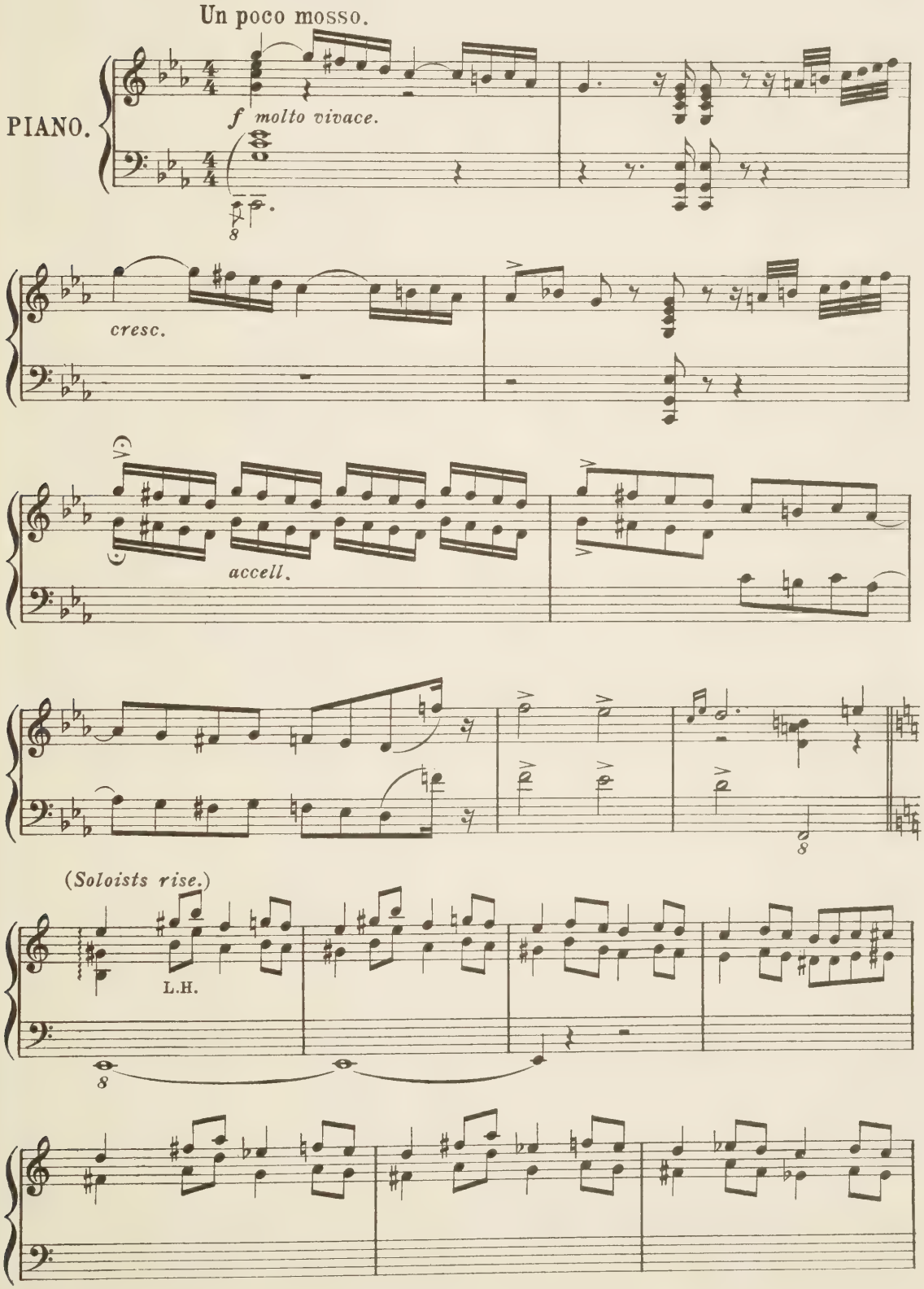
pp

ppp

(Footfalls.)

No 14. New leaves grow green on the Banyan Twigs.

(Trio: Soprano, Contralto & Tenor.)



Soprano Solo. *Leggiero.* *mf* New leaves show green on the ban - yan twigs,

Contralto Solo. *mf* New leaves show green on the ban - yan twigs,

Tenor Solo. And

The hon - ey-birds pipe to the

The hon - ey-birds pipe to the

red on the al - mond tree,.....

bud - ding figs, And hon - ey-blooms call, call..... the

bud - ding figs, And hon - ey-blooms call, call..... the

And hon - ey-blooms call the bee .....

bee..... And

bee..... King-fish-ers ruf-fle the fea-the-ry sedge, And

all the vi-vid air thrills With but-ter-fly wings in the

all the vi-vid air thrills With but-ter-fly wings in the

L.H.

wild rose hedge, And the trem-u-lous blue of the hills.....

wild rose hedge, And the trem-u-lous blue of the hills.....

Ka-

L.H.

-ma - la tin - kles a lin - ger - ing foot By the shrine in the tam - a - rind

f

While Go - pal blows on his bam - boo flute An

f

While Go - pal blows on his bam - boo flute An

f

grove, While Go - pal blows on his bam - boo flute An

f

i - dyll of spring and love. Ah! .....

i - dyll of spring and love. Ah! .....

i - dyll of spring and love.....

L.H.

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

p

New

p

New

Ah!

leaves show green on the ban - yan twigs,

leaves show green on the ban - yan twigs,

p

And red on the al - mond

The hon - ey-birds pipe to the bud - ding figs,

The hon - ey-birds pipe to the bud - ding figs,

tree,..... And

cresc.

And hon-ey-blooms call the bee.....

cresc.

And hon-ey-blooms call the bee.....

cresc.

hon-ey-blooms call, hon-ey-blooms call the bee.....

f

Ah!..... Ah!.....

f

Ah!..... Ah!.....

f

Ah!..... Ah!.....

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

p

*A

stretto assai.

stretto assai.

B

* These four bars, A to B may be preferably omitted.

Nº 15. Alabaster.

(Contralto Solo)

Andante ritenuto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

assai sostenuto

p

L.H.

mp sostenuto assai

Like this al - a - bas - ter box, whose art Is

p

frail as a cas - sia flow - er, is my heart,

Car - ven with de - li - cate dreams..... and wrought With

ma - ny a sub - tle and ex - qui - site thought.....

L.H.

..... There - in I treasure the spice and scent Of

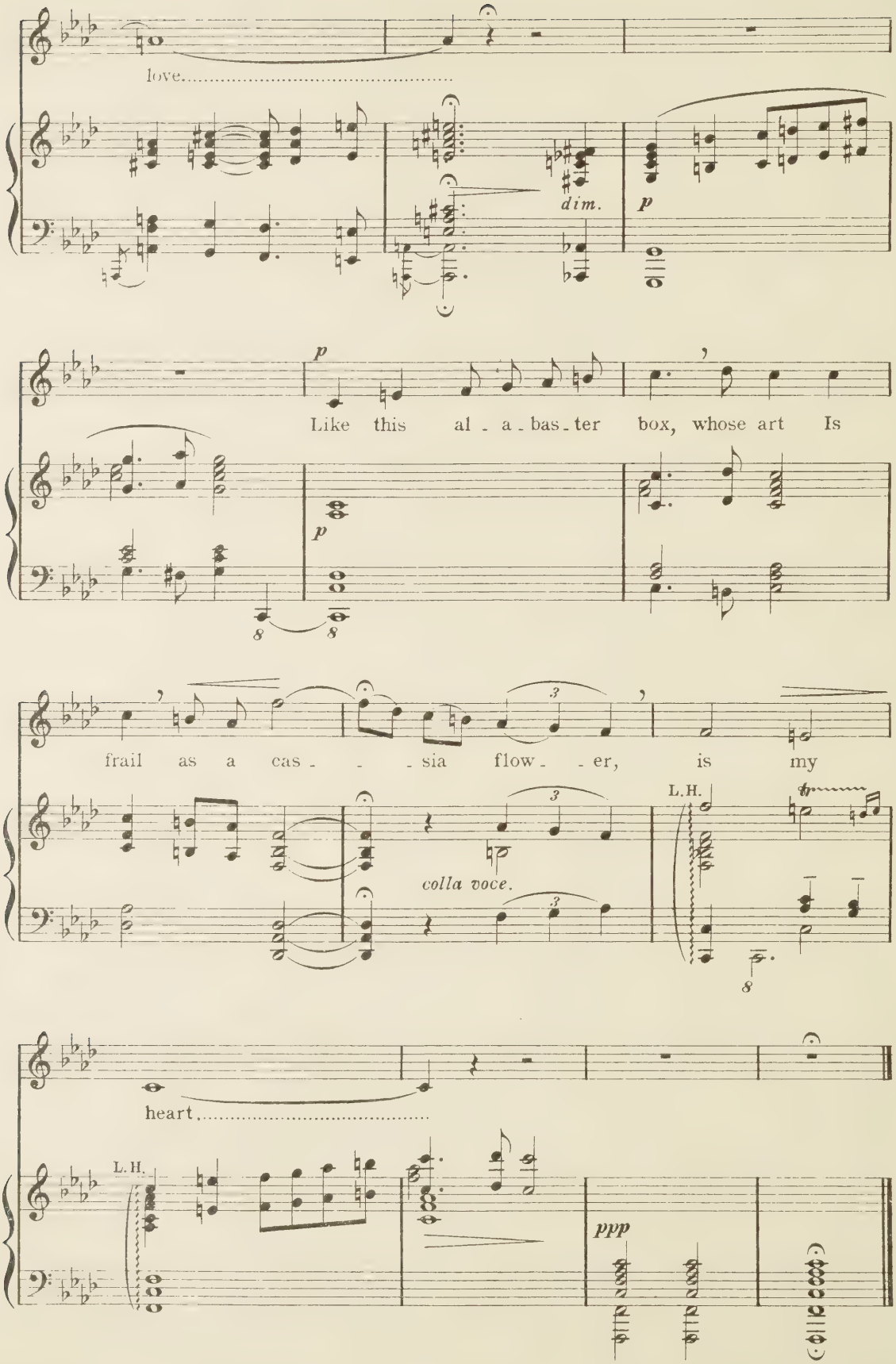
rich and pas - sion - ate mem - 'ries blent Like

pp

o - dours of cin - na - mon, san - dal and clove, Of

L.H. L.H.

song and sor - row and life and


love.....
dim.
p
p
Like this al - a - bas - ter box, whose art Is
p
frail as a cas - - - sia flow - - er, is my
colla voce.
L.H.
heart.....
L.H.
ppp

Nº 16. At the Threshold.

(Tenor Solo, Solo Quartette & Chorus)

Lento.

PIANO.

mf *f*

Chorus.

Soprano. *f* In child - hood's pride I..... said to thee, O.....

Contralto. *f* In child - hood's pride I..... said to thee, O

Tenor. *f* In child - hood's pride I said to thee, O

Bass. *f* In child - hood's pride I..... said to thee, O

thou who mad'st me of thy breath,

thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.....

thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.....

thou who mad'st me of thy breath,.....

Speak, mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine

Speak, mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine

Speak, mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine

Speak,..... mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine

in - most laws of life and death. Give me to drink each

in - most laws of life and death. Give me to drink each

in - most laws of life and..... death. Give me to drink each

in - most laws of..... life and..... death. Give me to drink each

joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

joy and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

joy..... and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

For my in - sa - tiate soul..... would drain Of

For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of

For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of

For my in - sa - tiate.... soul..... would drain Of

earth's most bit - ter cup or sweet.

earth's most bit - - ter..... cup or..... sweet.....

earth's most bit - - ter..... cup or..... sweet.....

earth's most bit - - ter cup or sweet.....

Spare me no bliss,.... no..... pang of strife, With - -

Spare me no bliss,.... no..... pang of strife, With - -

Spare me no bliss no pang of strife, With - -

Spare..... me no..... pang of strife, With - -

-hold no gift or grief I crave, Th'in - tri - cate lore of

-hold no gift or grief I crave,..... Th'in - tri - cate lore of

-hold no gift or grief I crave,..... Th'in - tri - cate lore of

-hold no gift I crave,..... Th'in - tri - cate lore of....

love..... and life And sub - tle know - ledge of the

love and life And sub - tle know - ledge of the

love and.... life And sub - tle know - ledge of the

love..... and life And sub - tle know - ledge of the

grave.....

grave.....

(Solo Tenor rises)

grave.....

grave.....

Tenor Solo.

p

Lord, thou didst an - swer clear and low:

L. H.

"Child, I will heark - en to thy pray'r,

L. H.

And thy un - con - quer'd soul shall know

L. H.

Each poignant rap - ture and des - pair.

L. H.

cresc.

So shall thy chas - ten'd spi - rit yearn

L. H.

cresc.

From its blind pray'r to be re - leased, L.H. And, spent and par - doned,

sue.... to learn The sim - ple se - crets of my peace.....

dim. *dim.* *colla voce.*

p *p*

I, bend - - - ing

from my sev - en - fold height, Shall

teach thee of my quick - 'ning

grace,

Life..... is a prism.....

of..... my light, And death the sha - dow of my

L.H.

face.....

CHORUS.

In

In

In

In

child - hood's pride..... I..... said to thee, Oh.....

child - hood's pride..... I..... said to thee, Oh

child - hood's pride I said to thee, Oh

child - hood's pride I..... said to thee, Oh

Thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Speak, mas-ter, and re-

Thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.... speak, mas-ter, and re-

Thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.... speak, mas-ter, and re-

Thou who mad'st me of thy breath,... Speak, mas-ter, and re-

-veal to me Thine..... in - most laws of life and

-veal to me Thine in - most laws of life and

-veal to me Thine in - most laws of

-veal to me Thine in - most laws of.....

death! Give me to drink each

death! Give me to drink each

life and..... death!..... Give me to drink each

life and..... death!..... Give me to drink each

joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

joy and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

joy and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

For my in - sa - tiate soul..... would drain Of

For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of

For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of

For my in - sa - tiate.... soul..... would drain Of

(Solo Soprano rise)

earth's most bit_ter cup or sweet!..... Lord, Thou didst an_swer clear and

(Solo Contralto rise)

earth's most bit_ter cup or sweet!..... Lord, Thou didst an_swer clear and

SOLO QUARTETTE.

earth's most bit_ter cup or sweet!..... Lord, Thou didst an_swer clear and

(Solo Bass rise)

earth's most bit_ter cup or sweet!..... Lord, Thou didst an_swer clear and

rall.

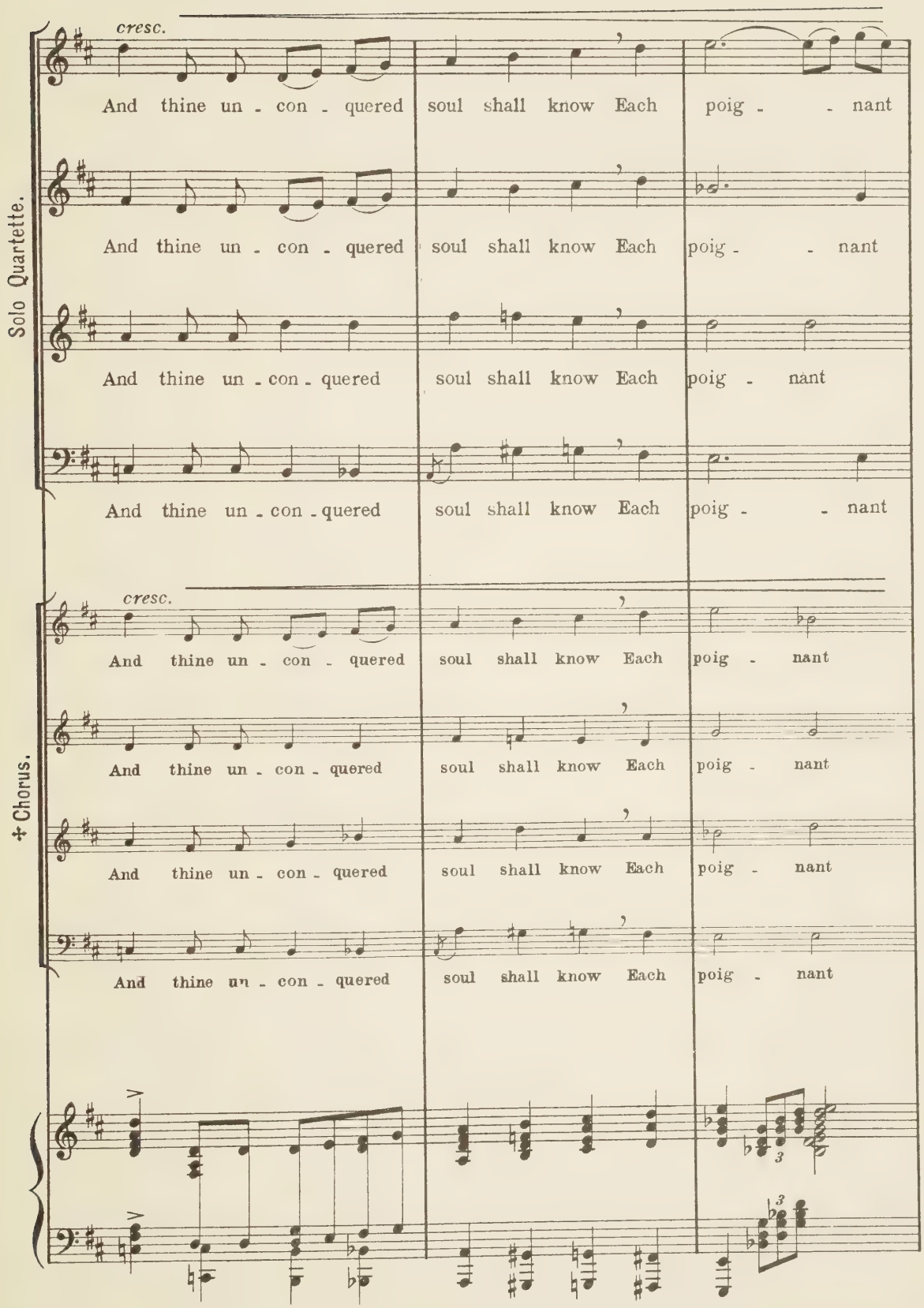
low: "Child, I will hearken to thy pray'r,

low: "Child, I will hearken to thy pray'r,

low: "Child, I will hearken to thy pray'r,

low: "Child, I will hearken to thy pray'r,

L. H. L. H.



✣Omit these parts when there is no Chorus.

rall.

rap - - - ture and .... des -

rap - ture and .... des -

rap - ture, know each rap - ture... and..... des -

rap - ture, know..... each rap - ture and des -

rall.

rap - ture, And thine unconquered soul shall know Each rap - ture and des -

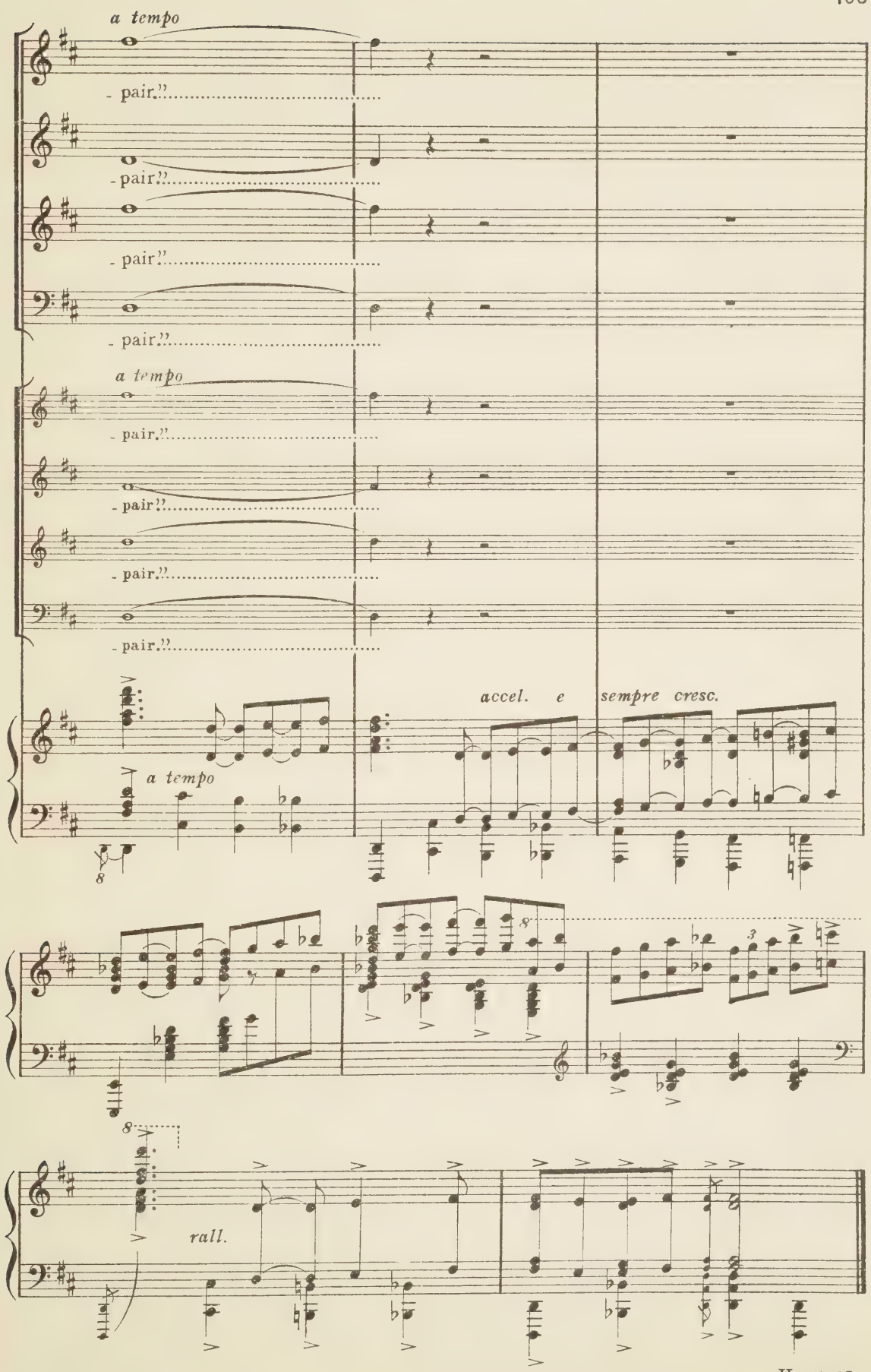
rap - ture, And thine unconquered soul shall know Each rap - ture and des -

rap - ture, And thine unconquered soul shall know Each rap - ture and des -

rap - ture, know..... each.... rap - ture and.... des - -

L.H.

rall


a tempo
- pair."
- pair."
- pair."
- pair."
a tempo
- pair."
- pair."
- pair."
- pair."
a tempo
accel. e sempre cresc.
rall.

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